

JUN 15 '26

June 17  
1926

# Life

Price  
15 cents

BROADWAY NUMBER

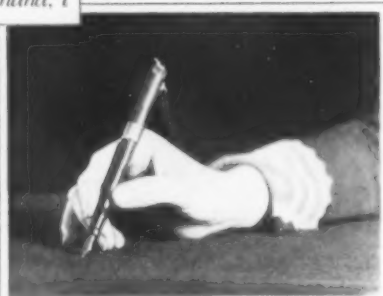


THESE SIX POINTS IN THREE SIZED BARRELS:



Over-size for the large masculine hand, \$7

*Written with Extra Fine Point*  
*Written with Fine Point*  
*Written with Medium Point*  
*Written with Broad Point*  
*Written with Stub Point*  
*Written with Oblique Point*



Slender Lady Duofold for slim feminine fingers, \$5



Junior size for the small masculine hand, \$5

## There's Undiscovered Charm in your Handwriting

*Not even your Photograph can portray such personality  
if your Pen is like this in Size, Point and Balance*

NOT even your photograph is so expressive as your handwriting. People picture you by it wherever it is seen.

Is it characterful, charming, virile? Has it personality, or is it commonplace?

Graphologists state that handwriting reveals character in more than 450 ways, and it's easy for a misfit pen to do you much injustice. Yet a pen well mated to your hand in Point and in Grip can transmit to paper the full charm and power that your handwriting is capable of reflecting.

That's why the world has found new inspiration in writing with Parker Duofold Pens.

Their points are polished to frictionless smoothness, and skilfully tempered to yield to any hand, yet resume their original shape. And they're guaranteed 25 years for wear and mechanical perfection.

Try the Parker Duofolds at the nearest pen counter—find your size and your point. And choose your color—rich Black and Gold, or the Black-tipped Lacquer-red—handsome to carry, hard to mislay.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN • OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES:  
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • ATLANTA • SAN FRANCISCO • TORONTO, CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND

**Parker**  
**Duofold** <sup>OVER-SIZE</sup> **\$7**

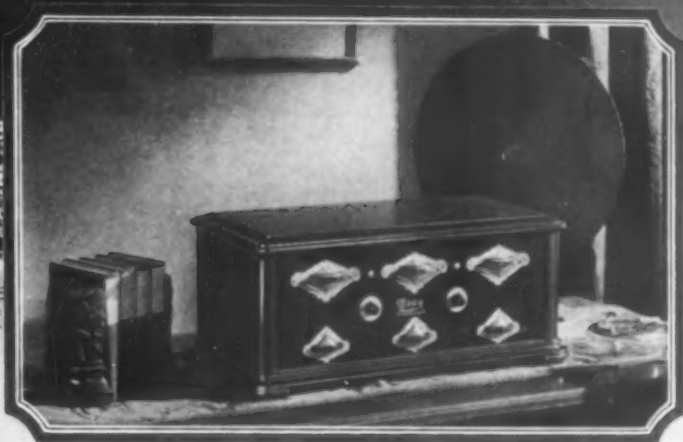
With Lucky Curve Feed and 25 Year Point

Duofold Jr. \$5 Lady Duofold \$5

Parker Duofold Pencils  
to match the Pens:  
Lady Duofold, \$3;  
Over-size Jr., \$3.50;  
"Big Brother" Over-size, \$4

Red and Black  
Color  
Combination  
New Trade Mark  
U. S. Pat. Office

Cord  
50c extra



# A Bright Spot on Life's Broad Way



**WHEN** life becomes drab, when time hangs heavy and usual pleasures lose their zest—turn to radio via the Synchrophase. Let it brighten your home and revivify your spirits.

In listening to programs over the Synchrophase, one forgets the instrument. It can and does step out of the picture because of certain features that distinguish it from all other sets:

The "Colortone" gives such control over the loud speaker that its characteristics or peculiarities do not annoy; the **Binocular Coils** get you the desired station and then prevent others from interfering; **S-L-F Condensers** make station selection easy and quick.

*Ask your dealer to demonstrate these and other exclusive Grebe developments; then compare Grebe reception with that of other sets.*

**A. H. Grebe & Co., Inc., 109 West 57th St., New York**

Factory: Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Western Branch: 443 So. San Pedro St., Los Angeles, Cal.

*This company owns and operates stations WAHG and WBOQ*



Grebe  
Binocular Coils  
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.  
and  
Low-Wave  
Extension Circuits



Grebe  
"Colortone"

# THE GREBE SYNCHROPHASE

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



*It is written:*  
"When the mind is enlarged the body is at ease."

Through the Synchrophase the whole country contributes to the development of one's mind and the fulfilment of one's happiness.

*Edwin H. Grebe*



*All Grebe apparatus is covered by patents granted and pending.*



### *Come Up!* Quebec Says "Bienvenue!"

And now, Quebec is singing in the sun. A *chanson*, surely, for the folk are French, and this is New World Normandy. Here, the streets are medieval. History everywhere. This great baronial castle on the heights is Chateau Frontenac. From your rooms in the tower look down upon the broad St. Lawrence. Golf at Montmorency. Rest—enjoy yourself! Reservations at Canadian Pacific, 344 Madison Ave., at 44th St., New York; 71 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago; 405 Boylston St., Boston; or Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, Canada.

**CHATEAU  
FRONTENAC**  
*Bienvenue à Québec*

### Lyric of Illicit Longing

"I DRINK this cup to one made up  
Of loveliness alone";  
Thus wrote a Knickerbocker bard  
To former decades known.

Fain would I, too, and so would you  
Give all that beauty needed  
In brilliant verse and sparkling toasts,  
If we could get what he did.

E. L.

### Broadway Thesaurus

**B**ROADWAY is—  
The one street in the world where five hundred busy citizens will take an hour off to watch a window-dresser indicating to a girl assistant that the blue crêpe de chine should be moved two inches to the right.

Largely a succession of orange-drink stands, not-so-good jewelry stores, shops that specialize in explosive cigars and marked cards "not to be used for gambling purposes," out-of-town newspaper stands, perennial fire sales and closing-out sales, hawkers of toy balloons which look vaguely like the Norge, and Chinatown buses;

The place where Otto Yockmein, of East Puddleton, Ark., is invariably pointed out as O. O. McIntyre, "a typical man-about-town";

Where people cheerfully pay \$15 for a theatre seat in preference to patronizing the box office and obtaining one in the row in front for \$4.40;

The aspiration of every actress in America, and reached by a few (\$6.50 a day, without bath);

The chosen locale for every fictional story submitted in pencil on both sides of the paper and bearing insufficient stamps;

The headquarters of Great American Babbittry, Inc.;

Where street cars progress more slowly than pedestrians, and taxicabs more slowly than street cars, with the result that practically everybody travels by taxi;

Where a dollar is worth ten cents in anybody's money;

Where Greek meets Greek and both go into the speak-easy industry;

The most overrated thoroughfare on earth;

The place for me! *Tip Bliss.*

### Rapid Transit

**FLAPPER** (to officer): What's the quickest way to get from Delancey Street to Park Avenue?

OFFICER: Join the Follies.

**T**HE Departments of Justice and Labor have agreed to drop the case against the Countess Cathcart, but with the proviso, we understand, that she will promise to produce no more plays in this country.



*John Davey, Father of Tree Surgery, who not only gave the world a new science but also a new philosophy*

### 1926 is the Silver Jubilee Year of Davey Tree Surgeons

3000 people gathered in the State Armory at Akron (12 miles from Kent) on March 6, to participate in a great Silver Jubilee Celebration of The Davey Tree Expert Company—all for the purpose of paying a fitting tribute to John Davey, Father of Tree Surgery, who made a magnificent contribution to civilization.

25 years ago John Davey brought forth his first book, "The Tree Doctor," that was intended to awaken America to the appalling neglect and abuse of her invaluable trees. It was not his original purpose to found a great business, but rather to do a great service for his adopted country that he loved.

The Davey organization was a natural and logical outgrowth of the public demand that was created for the services of skilled and reliable Tree Surgeons. While the Davey organization itself is 25 years old, the science of Tree Surgery was born nearly a half century ago in the mind and heart of John Davey, who saw with understanding eyes the tragic and unnecessary loss of priceless trees. John Davey taught the philosophy of the tree as a living thing, as of elemental value to all life, as of incomparable beauty and loveliness. His was a voice crying in the wilderness, "Save your trees!"

**The Davey Tree Expert Co., Inc.**  
428 City Bank Bldg.,  
Kent, Ohio





EDWARD ZIOR, for 27 years a Gorham Master Craftsman, putting the finishing touches on a Cinderella Coffee Pot.

## Introducing THE NEW CINDERELLA HOLLOW WARE

FROM the first the popularity of Cinderella flatware proved that the Master Craftsmen had again sounded a new note in silverware design. Now comes the Tea and Dinner Ware to match. In the same motif as the flatware—as distinctive—as handsome—as genuinely beautiful.

Your jeweler will be glad to show you both Cinderella hollow ware and flatware.

# GORHAM

PROVIDENCE, R. I.  NEW YORK, N. Y.

Member of Sterling Silversmiths' Guild of America

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS FOR OVER 90 YEARS

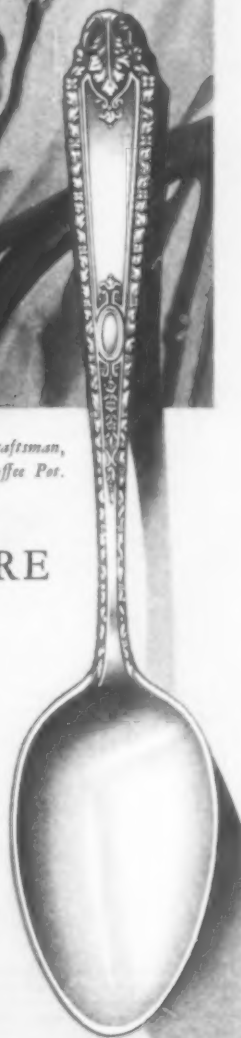
### CINDERELLA PATTERN in Sterling Silver

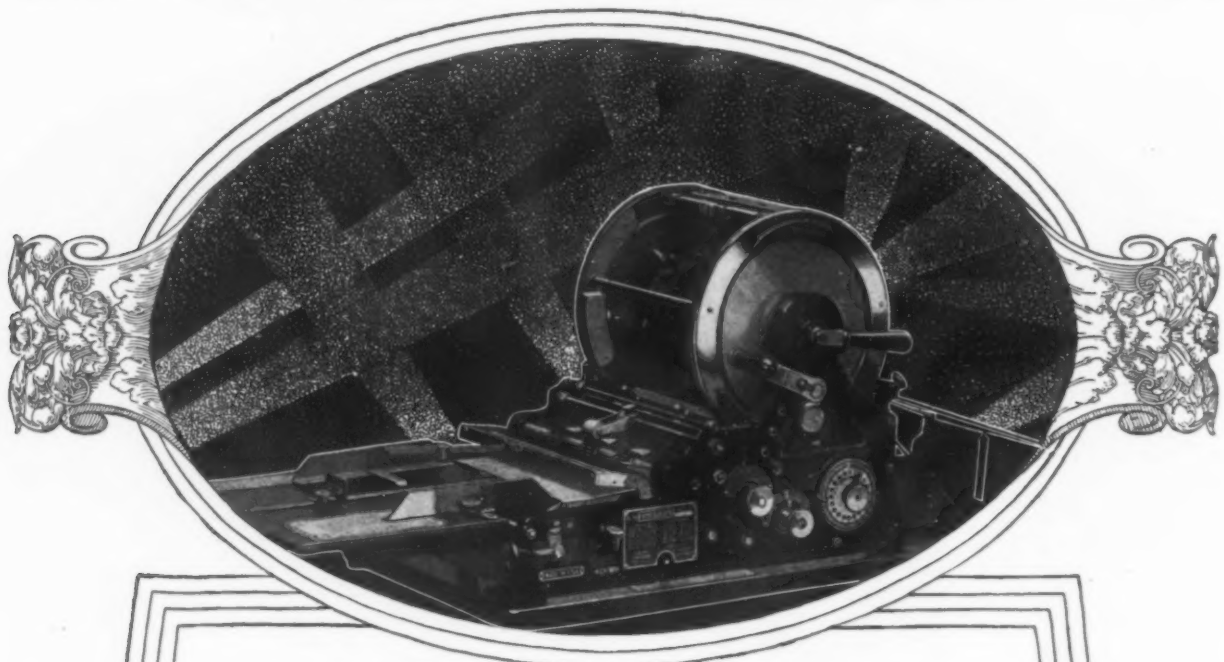
Teaspoons . . 6 for \$9.50  
Dessert Knives 6 for \$21.00  
Dessert Forks . 6 for \$20.00

### TEA SET

5 pieces without Kettle or  
Waiter . . . . . \$450  
Kettle . . . . . \$225  
Waiter 25 1/2" long . . \$375

Ask your Jeweler for a  
complete list of prices.





### WHY A SHAFT OF LIGHT?

It is centered force. It is focused energy. Little waste there. All of the beams of light from one point of power are turned and flooded in a single direction. As a means of quickly focusing *thought power*, and directing it where it is most needed, the Mimeograph is in the class of that mighty achievement of new science, the super-searchlight. Its ability to produce thousands of well printed form-letters, bulletins, diagrams, etc., in every hour of the working day, enables the American executive and educator to center their powers, without dissipation, on objects of their intent. A private printing plant of great speed, that costs little to install and almost nothing to operate! A quick economizer of both time and money. A booklet, sent without obligation, by A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, is sure to give some new ideas on how to focus your forces.

# M I M E O G R A P H



# Life

## Except—

("Except in a few scattered localities, the people of the United States are solidly behind Prohibition.")

—Wayne B. Wheeler.)

COME heed ye, loyal satellites, give ear unto my song;  
Our Nation now is unified, one hundred million strong.  
One hundred million strong, my lads, to guide and supervise

The doings of their neighbors 'neath the banner of the  
Drys.

For it's thumbs down in Nevada on the flowing mug of ale  
And the very name of lager makes some Carolinians pale.  
The Country stands as but one man behind the Ban on Joy.  
(Except in Pennsylvania, Maryland and Illinois.)

No longer is the U. S. A. the scene of fuss and spat,  
No more contentions raise their heads—we've seen to all  
of that!

Let harmony and concord reign, unseemly quarrels cease,  
For all are gathered in the fold of gentleness and peace.  
We've triumphed out in Kansas and Nebraska joins the  
flag;

Of Idaho, Dakota, too, we feel that we can brag.  
Oh, nowhere sounds the sizzling foam, the popping of the  
cork.

(Except in Massachusetts, California and New York.)

United (as the fellow said) we stand, but split we fall,  
So lift your voices up in praise that *all* have heard the call.  
*All* (with some slight exceptions) sign upon the dotted line  
Of purity and abstinence and passiveness supine.

In Arkansas the Demon Rum is overthrown in rout,  
From Portland, Maine, to Yuma all is arid (just about),  
Victorious is the Bone, Bone Dry, and vanquished is the  
Wet.

(Except in Jersey, Delaware, Wis., Mo., R. I., *et cet.*)

Tip Bliss.



"WELL, S'LONG, MAE, I GOTTA BE TRAVELIN'. DINNER DATE  
UP AT A HUNDRED 'N' EIGHTY-FIRST STREET."

"SWELL! WHEN YA GET THERE, DEARIE, DROP A FLAG ON  
IT AN' CLAIM IT F'R TH' U. S."

## The Main Stem

(If this literary endeavor should be awarded the Pulitzer  
Prize the author guarantees to cash the \$1,000 check the  
day it is received.)

THERE may be no hitching posts for horses on Broad-  
way, N. Y., but it can boast of more street-corner  
yokels than any village or hamlet that haunts the dreams  
of Mencken the Pure.

There are more butter-and-egg men  
in Times Square than attend the annual  
county fair in Kokomo, Ind.

There's a broken heart for every  
light on Broadway, and two hundred  
cases of indigestion for every night  
club.

One railroad operates a "Congress-  
ional Limited" to Washington, the  
running time being just long enough  
to allow Congressmen to sober up.

No cowboys on a Saturday-night  
spree ever shoot up the Big Rue, but,  
oh, what the taxi chauffeurs do to it!

You haven't lived if you have never  
seen Broadway.

And you probably won't if you do.  
Robert Hage.

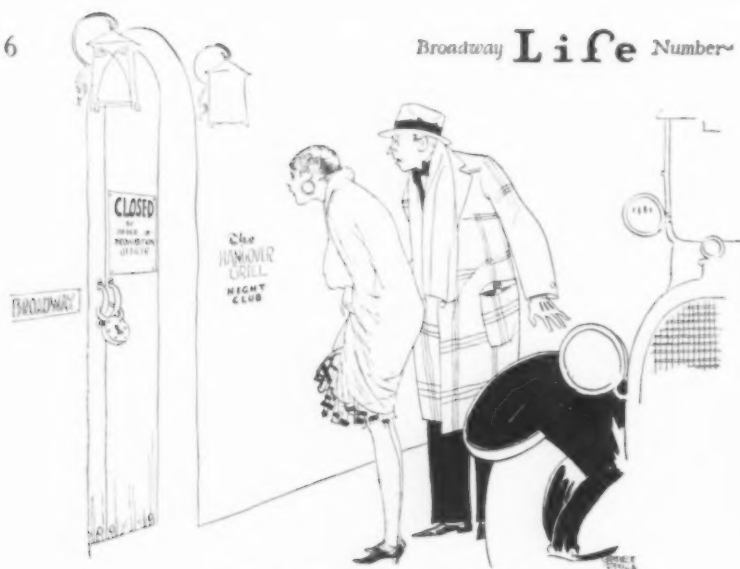
## Armament

"HERE, wife," said the modern gun-  
man, returning home, "give this  
revolver to the baby to play with. I've  
got a machine gun now."



## NONE SO BLIND

Greenwich Villager: YOU  
KNOW, I REALLY DON'T BE-  
LIEVE THERE IS ANY SUCH  
THING AS IMMORTALITY.



"THE STREET OF BROKEN HEARTS"

### News That Never Gets in the Papers

"UNCLE ELIAS" TIPPS, long considered a pauper, died yesterday at his little hut near the Lincoln Bridge. Police officials searching the premises found a rusty tin box under the flooring. It contained three old newspapers and a package of corn-plasters.

Miss Virginia Stedman, two months ago, sent in a suggestion for a name for a movie, in response to an advertisement offering \$50,000 for the best title submitted. She stated that she had no idea of winning the prize, and only sent the suggestion as a joke. Yester-

day she received a registered letter, offering her a subscription to a movie magazine at the special price of \$4.00.

Lillie May Connor, the seven-year-old daughter of J. A. Connor, a mechanic, had formed the habit of making daily visits to Mr. Seitz, a wealthy recluse living near them. Last month Mr. Seitz died, and to-day Mr. Connor received a letter from the firm of lawyers in charge of the estate, stating that they had moved their offices to the eighth floor of the Gas Building.

Jack Morton.



"SHALL I TELL HIM TO DRIVE THROUGH THE PARK, DEAR?"

### Lessons in New Yorkese

Try These Over on Your Piano

TOO-O menny parteezand too-o menny palza  
May bray kyahaart sum dayee;  
Too-o menny berfrens zand soshabil galsa  
Maydrive yaswee tart tawayee.  
Too-o menny kisis bring toomenny teerza,  
Ainjells have fallin fatoo menny yearza,  
Them Brawway rozis zand frivvilis Salza-a-a...  
Haddatoo-o menny aparteez zand too-o menny—

\* \* \*

Givvussa liddle kiss, awillya-huh?  
Whaddaya gonna miss, awillya-huh?  
Ga-sho-gee, awyda youra fusa,  
I-can-sec, awacha gotta looze...  
Zaw givvussa liddle squeeze, awillya-huh?

Wydaya wanna mamie blee-yew?  
Iwoodin saya woidifi wazzastin fatha woi!  
Bawassa liddle kissatweena fella randis goil?  
Awgivvussa liddle kiss, awillya-huh?  
Annal givvit riback tayoo-hoo...

\* \* \*

Inna middleavva ni tamoon was bri Tand byits sli tie kisschew-w;  
Inna middleavva kiss yaside wib bliss Sand wispid dis "Si misschew-w";  
Inna middleavva glans yasmiled by chans  
Sow could romans rasischew-w;  
Evry momint haddits chomsdeer,  
Whenna hell jewin myomsdeer,  
Inna middleavva ni twi thew-w...

\* \* \*

I'll abheluvvin yew-w, wawlwayze,  
Wi thalovat's trew-w, wawlwayze,  
Wenna things yaplan  
Nee dahell pinan,  
I will unnastan, awwlwayze, awwlwayze;

Daze manobby fair-r, rawlwayze,  
Thas swennlbe there, rawlwayze,  
Nah fajess annow-w-wah...  
Nah fajess adaye-e-e...  
Nah fajessayeer-r-r...  
Bu-u-u- TAWLWAYZE!

Henry William Hanemann.

### Ambush

MR. GIFF: What's that crowd doing over at Guff's?

MRS. GIFF: Installment collectors waiting for Mr. Guff to come home with his pay.





## A Native New Yorker Appears on Fifth Avenue



"ANY OLD CLOTHES?"

### Diogenes' Search Is Ended

**I** KNOW a man who is absolutely and unequivocally in favor of the Volstead Act.

There's no hemming or hawing about it with him—no talk like, "Prohibition is all right, but a slight modification now—say four per cent., or light wines, perhaps—ah!" There's nothing half-way about his attitude. No, sir! He is for it, all the way.

He does not parade himself as a hypocritically rabid wet; neither is he a bootlegger.

This individual is simply and solely for Prohibition.

His name is Volstead. *Marion E. Burns.*

### A Testimonial

**F**OR years I suffered agony with falling hair. I consulted scores of specialists, spent thousands of dollars in a vain effort to discover the source of my frightful complaint. I could go nowhere without exciting comment. At dinners my hair would fall into my soup, and, crimson with embarrassment, I would have to apologize to my hostess or feign illness as the excuse for my lapse in table manners. My mind began to be affected.

Then I discovered GLU-GOO (at all druggists). One bottle was enough.

I have never been able to get my hat off since.

*Lloyd Mayer.*

### Main Street, New York

**W**HEN the hayseed from the country walks on Broadway,

His carpet bag a-bouncing 'gainst his knees,

He gazes in a reverent and awed way

At all the stirring spectacles he sees.

The Batt'ry and the Wall Street section thrill him,

The traffic towers give him quite a kick;

The Singer and the Woolworth Buildings still him,

The poor, provincial, comic-section hick!

The wise guy who's a native of the city

And sees these sights a hundred times a day

Observes the humpkin with a look of pity,

For urbanites are calloused and blasé.

But look upon yon idle crowd of gazers

Who throng around the window of a shop

Wherein a man exhibits safety razors

And demonstrates an automatic strop.

You'll note the sidewalk's jammed with city dwellers,

You'll note the pavement's packed with local boobs,

For window shows make worldly city fellers

More boorish than the stupidest of rubes.

As noses 'gainst the window panes they flatten

And huddle like a brood of human chicks,

I gaze upon the hayseeds from Manhattan,

The nation's greatest group of gaping hicks.

*Arthur L. Lippmann.*

**A**CCORDING to the public's idea there are two kinds of chorus girls and the other kind aren't working.



A LOAN IN A GREAT CITY



*Modern Young Lady:* MATE, YOU DO EMBARRASS ME SO! I WISH YOU WOULD TRY TO OVERCOME YOUR HABIT OF BLUSHING.

### Questionnaire For Prospective New York Visitors

1. HAVE you ever been in New York before?
2. Is it bravado or revenge that leads you to come again?
3. Can you speak fluently the following languages: Brooklyn; Yiddish; Profane?
4. Do you expect to see at least one holdup a day—or don't you read the newspapers?
5. Indicate by check (or money order) the type of vehicle you prefer to be run over by. (a) Fifth Avenue Bus. (b) Taxicab (state color preferred). (c) Street Car. (d) Baby Carriage (Upper Broadway type). (e) Elevated.\*
6. How much money are you willing to spend?
7. Is that all you have?
8. Can you distinguish at a glance between (a) a bootlegger and a Prohibition agent? (b) a ticket speculator and a highwayman? (c) a camouflaged prizefighter and a ditto tea-fighter?

\*Note—This is the least harmful provided you are on the street level.

(d) a chorus girl from the Follies and a ribbon counter girl from Hillsendales' when both are in street attire?

9. Will you buy pencils, shoe strings, jumping jacks, fur coats, office buildings and bridges from any and all

street vendors just because they have "that look" that grips your heart?

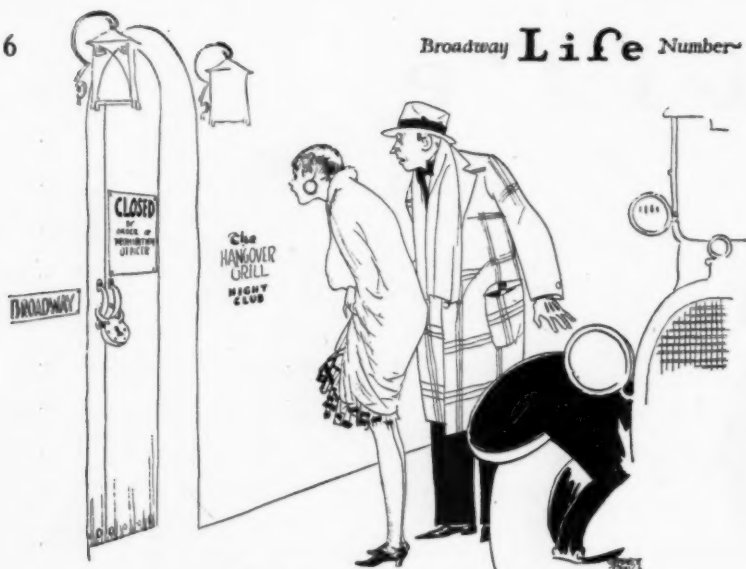
10. (a) Do you intend to make business or amusement your chief interest?

(b) What type of amusement?

Richard S. Wallace.



*Ex-Seeing-New-York Lecturer:* BOSS, CAN I HAVE MY OLD JOB BACK ON THE BUS?  
*Owner of Tourist Line:* WHAT! WHY, YOU DON'T KNOW THE TOWN. YOU'VE BEEN AWAY A MONTH.



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\* \* \*

Givvussa liddle kiss, awillya-huh?  
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I-can-see, awacha gotta looze...  
Zaw givvussa liddle squeeze, awillya-huh?

Wydaya wanna mamie blee-yew?  
Iwoodin saya woidifi wazzastin fatha wail  
Bawassa liddle kissatweena fella randis goil?

Awgivvussa liddle kiss, awillya-huh?  
Annal givvit riback tayoo-hoo...

\* \* \*

Inna middleavva ni tamoon was bri Tand byits sli tie kischew-w;  
Inna middleavva kiss yaside wib bliss Sand wispid dis "Si misschew-w";  
Inna middleavva glans yasmiled by chans

Sow could romans rasischew-w;  
Evry momint haddits chomsdeer,  
Whenna hell jewin myomsdeer,  
Inna middleavva ni twi thew-w...

\* \* \*

I'll abheluvvin yew-w, wawlwayze,  
Wi thalovat's trew-w, wawlwayze,  
Wenna things yaplan  
Nee dahell pinan,  
I will unnastan, awwlwayze, awwlwayze;

Daze manobby fair-r, rawlwayze,  
Thas swennlbe there, rawlwayze,  
Nah fajess annow-w-wah...  
Nah fajess adaye-e-e...  
Nah fajessayer-r-r...  
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His carpet bag a-bouncing 'gainst his knees,  
He gazes in a reverent and awed way

At all the stirring spectacles he sees.  
The Batt'ry and the Wall Street section thrill him,  
The traffic towers give him quite a kick;  
The Singer and the Woolworth Buildings still him,  
The poor, provincial, comic-section hick!

The wise guy who's a native of the city  
And sees these sights a hundred times a day  
Observes the bumpkin with a look of pity,  
For urbanites are calloused and blasé.  
But look upon yon idle crowd of gazers  
Who throng around the window of a shop  
Wherein a man exhibits safety razors  
And demonstrates an automatic strop.

You'll note the sidewalk's jammed with city dwellers,  
You'll note the pavement's packed with local boobs,  
For window shows make worldly city fellers  
More boorish than the stupidest of rubes.  
As noses 'gainst the window panes they flatten  
And huddle like a brood of human chicks,  
I gaze upon the hayseeds from Manhattan,  
The nation's greatest group of gaping hicks.

Arthur L. Lippmann.

**A**CCORDING to the public's idea there are two kinds of chorus girls and the other kind aren't working.



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6. How much money are you willing to spend?
7. Is that all you have?
8. Can you distinguish at a glance between (a) a bootlegger and a Prohibition agent? (b) a ticket speculator and a highwayman? (c) a camouflaged prizefighter and a ditto tea-fighter?

\*Note—This is the least harmful provided you are on the street level.

(d) a chorus girl from the Follies and a ribbon counter girl from Hillsendaes' when both are in street attire?

9. Will you buy pencils, shoe strings, jumping jacks, fur coats, office buildings and bridges from any and all

street vendors just because they have "that look" that grips your heart?

10. (a) Do you intend to make business or amusement your chief interest? (b) What type of amusement?

*Richard S. Wallace.*



*Ex-Seeing-New-York Lecturer:* *BOSS, CAN I HAVE MY OLD JOB BACK ON THE BUS?*

*Owner of Tourist Line:* *WHAT! WHY, YOU DON'T KNOW THE TOWN. YOU'VE BEEN AWAY A MONTH.*





The Second from the Left: I'M TERRIBLY DEPRESSED ABOUT MY WORK. I DON'T SEEM TO GET ANYWHERE.

The Third from the Right: CHEER UP, DEARIE! IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED, THIGH, THIGH AGAIN!

## Meetings in Heaven

Peter Minuit and the Chief of the Manhattas

PETER MINUIT saw approaching the one man in all heaven he always avoided meeting. It was the poor Indian chief whom Peter had induced to sell Manhattan Island for a beggarly twenty-four dollars.

So Peter fled hastily down a side-street. Unfortunately the streets converged and Peter came to the end of his thoroughfare just as the Indian was coming to the end of his. The meeting was inevitable.

"Hello," said Peter, putting a bold face on it.

"How," said the Indian.

Finding him so loquacious, Peter was encouraged to continue.

"You're not sore any more over our little trade, I hope?" said Peter.

"How," said the Indian.

Peter blushed and shifted uncomfortably. "Have you seen the old town lately?" he asked, and immediately could have bitten his tongue off. That did sound as if he were rubbing it in!

But the Indian said, "How," so there was nothing to do except to show it to him.

Peter took him to the Street-with-a-view-of-Earth and unlatched the heavy bronze window. They watched in silence.

They watched the battle of the subways, the millions turning away from what little sunlight there was to dive into the bowels of the earth.

They watched men and women crossing the streets, darting like frightened animals from one pavement to another, their lives forever hanging on the whims of autoists.

They watched the smoke that

wreathed from the pistols of gunmen in a dozen parts of the city and they watched the transportation of money surrounded with a ceremony of defense that shamed the days of the old robber barons.

They watched tall buildings give place to taller, garages piling on garages and theatres on theatres, while far out at the edges of the city ugly rows of thin-walled houses rose up by miles to shelter the workers.

Darkness came and the city took its pleasures. From thousands of homes came the wail of radio jazz, while the radio-listeners devoured eagerly the sensational crimes and scandals of the day as they were pictured in their picture-papers.

When the last waiter in the last night club had wiped the last whisky stains from his table, Peter shut the window and fastened the bronze latch. He turned and saw the Indian chief fumbling at his belt.

"Big chief honest man!" said the Indian proudly. "He no take candy from baby! He take only what thing worth!"

And opening Peter's hand, he thrust into it twenty-three dollars and ninety-eight cents' worth of wampum.

Bertram Bloch.



### AFTER THE MOVIE

Maggie: WHAT'D YA THINK UH TH' "OVERTURE FROM WILLIAM TELL"?

Stacie: WAS THAT THE BIG BUM'S NAME? I TOLD 'IM TA GIT OFF MY FOOT OR I'D CALL TH' USHER.

### Idiomatic

"HERE'S a pretty kettle of fish!" said the Florida realtor as he sighted four immigrants approaching in a flivver.





# Life's Travel Contest

The winner of this Contest will be presented with a six-weeks' trip from any point in the United States or Canada to France and England and return—with ALL EXPENSES PAID, FOR TWO PEOPLE.

There will be a second prize of \$250 in cash, a third prize of \$150, and a fourth prize of \$100.

**L**ITTLE Miss Joan Kinley has almost completed her breath-taking tour of Europe. Her seventh and next-to-last letter appears herewith.

Remember that Joan is well-meaning but a trifle dumb. Her letters contain inaccuracies—misstatements of fact—and it is on the detection and correction of these mistakes that the Travel Contest is based. The contestant who discovers, and corrects the greatest number of errors in Joan's eight letters, and writes the best essay of not more than three hundred words on "What I Shall See in Europe," will win the first prize.

Read Joan's letter and the conditions carefully.

## This Is Joan's Seventh Letter—Watch for the Mistakes

**D**EAREST EDITOR:

I'm back in London after a trip to Stratford, the little town where William Shakespeare was born. Unfortunately, I didn't see his birthplace, as it was burned to the ground recently, but I did see the place where he's buried in the cute little church here. To say that I was *thrilled* wouldn't be saying the half of it!

Shakespeare has always impressed me as a really *fascinating* character. He came of a very literary family—his twin brother (who wrote under the name of "Hall Caine") being just as famous as he. When he was quite a young man, Shakespeare got into some trouble with his wife, Anne Hathaway, because of his interest in that *romantic* creature, Lady Hamilton, and had to leave town. He walked all the way to London, accompanied only by his cat, and they later elected him Mayor.



JOAN WRITES THAT SHE DIDN'T SEE SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE IN STRATFORD, AS IT WAS BURNED TO THE GROUND RECENTLY.

They tell an interesting story about him when he was writing "Romeo and Juliet" in his studio in the Tower of London. Who should come into the room but the Devil (actually, my dear—the Devil!) just to tempt him. But Shakespeare just laughed and threw an ink-well at the Devil, and they say the stain of the ink remains to this day!

After returning from Shakespeare's "home town" I felt in such a desperately dramatic mood that I literally made Mother take me to the theatre. So we went to see "Is Zat So?" by Ring Lardner (my favorite author, next to Shakespeare). My dear, I just adored it!

Well, this is about all for now.

Your girl friend,

*Joan Kinley*

P. S.—I've got to go home next week, and gosh how I dread it! We sail on the Cunard liner "Leviathan," and I'll write you my last letter from the ship.

## Conditions

**O**NE of Joan's letters will appear each week for eight consecutive weeks, commencing May 6th and closing June 24th. In each letter will be errors and inaccuracies in her descriptions of routes, places, directions, etc., and on detection of these mistakes, not grammatical errors, or the use of slang, the Contest is based.

In order to compete it will be necessary to send in at one time the complete set of her letters (or exact typewritten copies) with your correction of each error plainly marked on its letter or on an accompanying sheet of paper.

The first prize will be awarded to the contestant who indicates the greatest number of errors in Joan's letters and who writes the best essay on "What I Shall See in Europe." This essay, which must not exceed three hundred words in length, is to be enclosed with the corrected letters.

All answers to this Contest must reach LIFE Office between 9 A.M. on June 24th and 12 noon on July 13th. No answers received at any other time will be considered as competing in the Contest.

Use one side of paper only, with your name and address in upper left-hand corner of each sheet; both essay and corrections to be typewritten or very plainly written; full first-class postage prepaid thereon, and sent to Joan Kinley, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

Announcement of the winners will appear in the August 5th issue of LIFE.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE in order to compete. Copies of LIFE may be seen at any Public Library, or free of charge at the office of publication. You may copy the letters and use the copies you have made.

There is no limit to the number of answers that any one contestant may submit.

The Contest is open to every one, except members of LIFE's staff and their families.

The judges will be three of the editors of LIFE, whose decision will be final.

In case of ties the prize will be given to each tying contestant.

Questions and Answers on the Travel Contest will be found on page 34



TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY

THE AUDIENCE AT A SUMMER REVUE ADOPTS THE CHORUS STYLE OF DRESS.

## From Pike Peters

Clearwater, Oklahoma

(The Biggest Little City in the World.)

**I** SEE by the public newspapers that "Hatrack" is going to be made into a stage play for Broadway, N. Y., and

I am writing this to say that I would like to get in on some of this easy money myself, because formerly I was in the livery stable business and have plenty of dramatic material for the N. Y. theatres.

Also I could tip the N. Y. theatres off to plenty of other similar things which happen around here and they could put them into plays without having to wait for them to be published in a magazine and could get a scoop on the rest of Broadway that is asleep at the switch.

Being so busy with my cash garage I never realized before that plays could be made out of such things, but now it seems that there is a quick turnover in such ideas. Even if my Pawnee Garage is doing the best business this spring it has ever done, a fellow can always use a little more money, no difference how clean his books are, and so I thought I would go into the business of sup-

plying ideas for the theatres, because lots of things happen out here that ought to work into something just as good as the big box car scene, and the beauty of it is that they are all fresh and new as no paper would print them.

I will make the following arrangement with the right kind of theatrical manager, to-wit: for a happening that can be printed and talked about before women I would be willing to accept only one-tenth; but for a happening that *can't* be talked about before women but would make fine play material I should expect one-fifth, subject to renewal.

Would be pleased to hear from any theatrical manager meaning business. Telegraph office open till midnight, also have Farmers' phone.

Yours for a quick turnover,  
PIKE PETERS,

(Owner and proprietor of the Pawnee Garage. Free air and postcards.)

Homer Croy.



HE NO LONGER CARRIES WATER ON BOTH SHOULDERS

## Hopeless

**G**IFF: Silly! You believe that because you saw it in the newspaper.

GAFF: Not on your life. I saw it on a billboard.





THE GAY NINETIES

LOOKING FOR FATHER'S LEGS—A REGULAR ERRAND OF CHILDHOOD IN THE DAMPISH NINETIES.

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

**May 25th** The urchins from the tenements at the rear of our dwelling making even more noise in the early hours of this day than they have done hitherto, I was at some pains to restrain Samuel, who, in spite of what poets have to say about happy little children at play in the springtime, was referring to them by a term which is used in books of history and by the Elizabethan dramatists to designate the less fortunate progeny of royalty, from hurling down upon the young marauders my cauldron of vegetable juices which had been simmering all night. And

when he did entreat me, rhetorically, as to how he was ever to be rid of such a nuisance, I did counsel him to have some threatening handbills printed with which to circularize the offenders' parents from an aeroplane, but he gave me small heed. Then to my letters, marvelling that a real-estate firm will spend hundreds of dollars on costly stationery and engraving plates to disguise an invitation to inspect a new apartment house as a wedding announcement and then permit the same to be addressed by a commercial penman who not only inscribes the name of our city

on the outer envelope but abbreviates it as well. Looking hopefully, too, at the tabloid paper which we take in, to learn whether or not it has accepted for the sum of one dollar the account of my life's most embarrassing moment, which was to find myself on a week-end in the hunting district with nought but chiffon raiment into which Elsie Ferguson could have stepped for any given third act, but did find that inadvertent dislocations of false teeth and untimely remarks of youthful relatives are still taking precedence with the

(Continued on page 36)





THE WARDROBE MISTRESS—OLD AND NEW STYLE

## The Girl Scouts in Racing Form

**S**PRING was almost over, so the Girl Scouts just had to do something.

"Well, girls," exclaimed their tried and trusty Scout Mistress, Miss Blum, "do you realize that this is our third summer as the Dandelion Troop of Girl Scouts?"

"Then let us play," cried Little Eva, the eldest Scout, tying a double slip-knot in her garter as she spoke.

"Play what?" queried Hilda, the next in age, her cheeks glowing with girlish wholesomeness.

"Why, the Horse Races, of course," replied Jasmine, the youngest. "Don't you remember how the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES told us to encourage all healthy, vigorous games? And what could be healthier," she concluded, "than racing a horse?"

"If the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES wishes it," agreed Miss Blum, dropping an old-fashioned curtsy at the august title, "we must indeed comply. Forward, Scouts," she commanded, "to the bank to withdraw the funds of the troop."

"Oh, girls," giggled Hilda a few minutes later, "here's the most darling little horsie,

Wayne Wheeler, in the second at Jamaica. I'll bet on him."

"My wager shall go to Girlie-Boy," said Little Eva.

"And mine to Man-Alive," screamed the youngest Scout, playfully shaking her tiny fist at the other two.

"Girl Scout work promotes loyalty and true sportsmanship," declared Miss Blum, as she placed the girls' money.

"I love to see a Girl Scout place a bet," replied the agent, with a kindly twinkle in his eye. "And now for the results," he added.

Even as he spoke a man in a checked cap removed his ear from the telephone. "Wayne Wheeler loses," he announced; "Girlie-Boy comes in tenth; Man-Alive falls dead."

At this unexpected news the Scouts were somewhat crestfallen, but in a few moments their natural good spirits returned.

"Scouts," cried Little Eva, "our money has not gone in vain. We have encouraged the races. And do they not improve the breed of horseflesh?"

"That they do," seconded Hilda, "and the breed must be improved," she finished, giving the full Scout salute.

"Yes, the breed must be improved," echoed Miss Blum, as in true woodcraft fashion she lit a cigarette with one match.

W. W. Scott.



Mae: LET'S MATCH FOR THE EATS!  
Sue: WHERE SHALL WE LUNCH?  
Mae: LET'S MATCH FIRST!



JUNE 17, 1926

VOL. 87. 2276

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

Published by  
**LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
 598 Madison Avenue, New York

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President*

R. E. SHERWOOD, *Editor*  
 F. D. CASEY, *Art Editor*

CLAIR MAXWELL, *Vice-President*  
 LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary and Treasurer*



ON May 29 Senator Borah, of Idaho, addressed the Presbyterian

General Assembly at Baltimore upon the iniquity of the State of New York in proposing to hold a referendum on the Volstead Act, and incidentally on the cussedness of all persons opposed to Prohibition as at present operating. The referendum that is going to be in the State of New York seems to ordinary minds quite mild. It merely asks the opinion of the voter whether Congress should modify the Volstead Act so that it shall not prohibit the sale of beverages that are not in fact intoxicating. That does not seem very awful, but Senator Borah sees in it the thin edge of perdition and possibly of civil war.

There is an existing situation of illegal traffic in intoxicants which is very unsatisfactory to many persons otherwise reputable. Does Senator Borah suggest anything to help that situation?

Nothing whatever except for all hands to study the law and the Amendment and obey them.

That that is going to be done does not seem at all likely. The referendum in New York is ostensibly an effort to discover whether the Volstead Act cannot be so modified as to make it enforceable. Ostensibly it is an effort to improve existing laws, but Mr. Borah apparently does not want existing liquor laws improved. He wants them to continue as they are. Whether they are obeyed better or worse in Idaho than in New York he does not say, nor yet whether they are more acceptable in Idaho than in New York. If there is a tight enforcement in Idaho

he should have told the Presbyterians about it. But did he? Not a word. But he did say that the State that falls down on Volstead enforcement "is disloyal to the fundamental principles upon which this Federal government is founded."

HIS address abounds in rash statements. Because New York repealed the Mullan-Gage law he says it is in the same case that South Carolina was in in Calhoun's time. South Carolina passed laws prohibiting the execution of certain Federal tariff laws. It nullified laws of the United States by State authority. New York has done nothing of the sort. There has been no nullification of the Federal law in that sense here. There is law-breaking, a lot of it, but there is no nullification by the State authority.



MR. BORAH shudders at the thought of having the individual States determine each for itself what proportion of alcohol makes an intoxicant. Why should he shudder? What better business could the States be in? Mr. Borah declares that "the supreme test of good citizenship is to obey the Constitution and laws when written." That is certainly not the supreme test of being a good man, and if good citizenship has come to be more important than to be a good man the times have changed for the worse.

A headline in the *Herald Tribune* runs: "Borah Hailed as Leader of Drys for '28." Does that mean that he is hailed by the Drys as the Republican candidate or will the Prohibitionists put up a candidate of their own two years

from now as they used to do in former times? Their proper candidate is H. Houdini, who hesitates at spirits and refuses to be shown. They must have some one who can never be shown. Perhaps Borah will do for them. He could not run for President on a moral issue. He has not got it in him to pick a sound one. But he might run on a legal issue and that is all the Drys have got. The one thing he said in his speech that it was useful to say was that referendums are the device of politicians to get past Election Day without disclosing their own position.



A GOOD many worthy people seem to be extremely scandalized by Elmer Davis's piece in *Harper's* about Bishop Manning. They take it very hard as an assault on the Church, and as irreverent.

Why should they feel so? What a compliment to Dr. Manning to be the subject of the leading article in a magazine of the prestige of *Harper's*!

The piece is a little gay, but it gives the Bishop more credit than blame. No one can call it scurrilous. But this world is full of people who have got so used to sitting under clergymen on Sunday and hearing them make confident statements on disputed matters without contradiction or reply, that they think that is the normal attitude of mankind towards the clergy; that preachers should say anything they like and that no man should answer them.

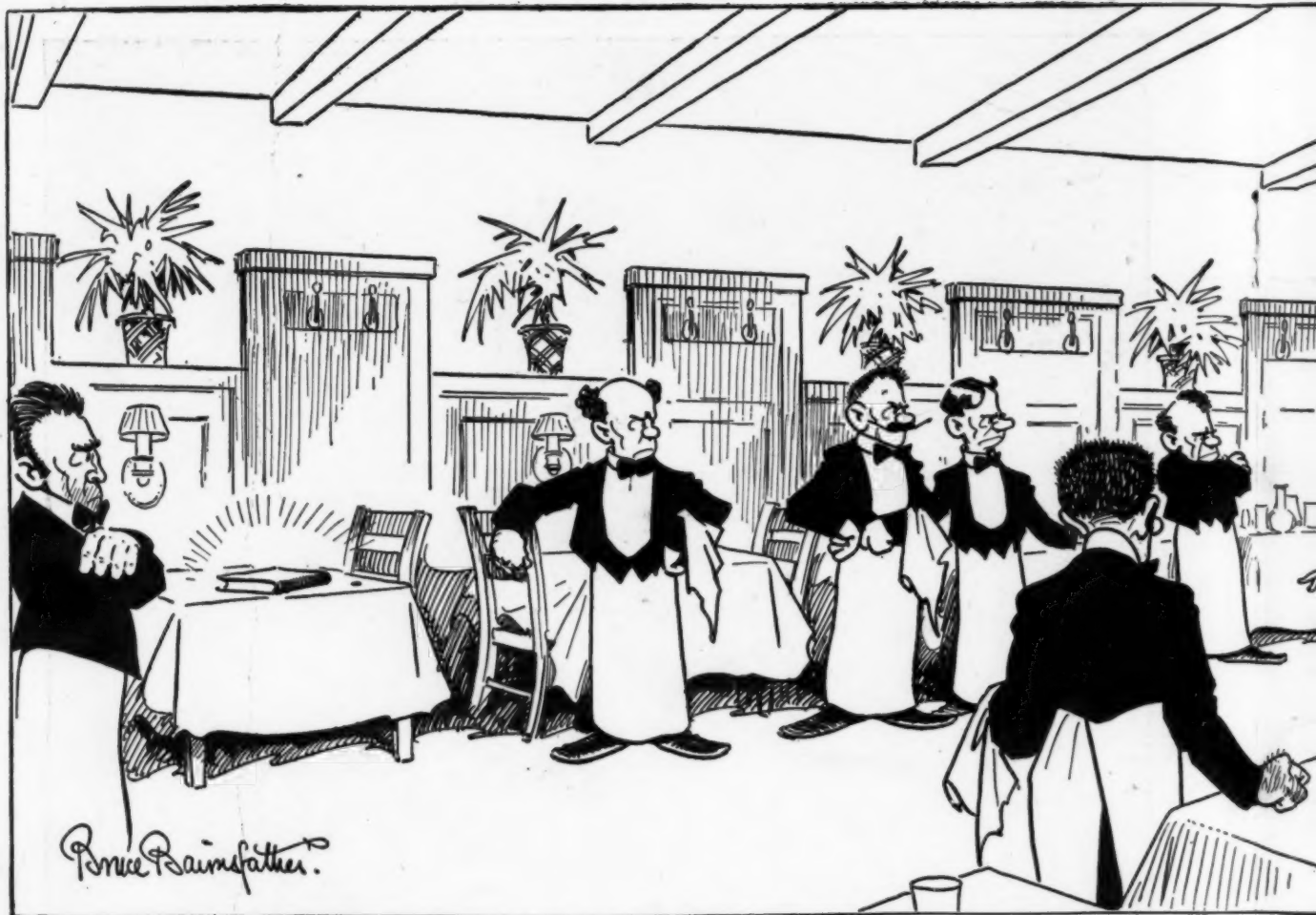
Nothing that can be said publicly about such a man as Dr. Manning can do him any harm. The things with power to hurt him are not what Elmer Davis says about him but what he says himself. If what he says himself won't wash, that is of some importance. A great judge of what is profitable or otherwise told his followers to rejoice when folks spoke evil of them without cause. That is first-rate psychology. An attack on a man rallies all his friends and makes him new ones. One would not call Mr. Davis's article on Dr. Manning an attack, but in so far as it shocks his friends it does him good, and in so far as it recognizes his importance, it is as useful an advertisement for him as it might be to have a hijacker steal his crook.

E. S. Martin.



Another Scrap of Paper





THE MAN WHO ONLY LEFT A NICKEL, AND HAD TO COME BACK FOR HIS BOOK

## The Wise Guy

SCENE: Broadway in the Forties.

**THE WISE GUY:** Well, Harry! Well, you old son-of-a-gun!

**HARRY:** George! Ya big stiff, how are ya?

**THE WISE GUY:** Gooling 'em, kid!

**HARRY:** You was always the slick one, big boy.

**THE WISE GUY:** You know me, Harry. In an' out, in an' out!

**HARRY:** Well, they was never no one what could put anything over on you.

**THE WISE GUY:** But I gotta laugh, Harry.

**HARRY:** Go ahead, I'll laugh with you.

**THE WISE GUY:** Well, there was this guy, see! And he has a pretty slick little proposition—oh, nice! It had a shape like a pretzel. So I let him think he is stringing me along, and then right at the psycholagle moment, I double-crosses him!

**HARRY:** Sweet mamma!

**THE WISE GUY:** Right to his face I says,

"Ya big crook," I says, "what are ya gonna do about it, ya big crook?" I says. And of course he ain't got no more comeback than a derby hat has warts.

**HARRY:** Haw! Haw! Haw! Pretty sweet, I'll say.

**THE WISE GUY:** Saay—I almost like to forget to spill ya the big dirt. I up and got married.

**HARRY:** No, f'gossakes!

**THE WISE GUY:** That's me—look me over, kid. And oh, baby, some mommer! No kiddin', Harry, the little woman's a pip!

**HARRY:** Trust you to pick 'em!

**THE WISE GUY:** Well, if I say so meself, she's class. Saay, lissen, I wancha ta meet her. Wait, I give her a ring and we go right up now.

**HARRY:** I don't mind if I do. (*The wise guy disappears into a cigar store to telephone. He emerges in due time.*)

**THE WISE GUY:** Aw, that's a tough break.

**HARRY:** 'Smatta?

**THE WISE GUY:** She ain't feeling so good. She got a kind of a sudden headache, like. I didn't speak to her—the maid says she was lying down tryin' to get some sleep.

**HARRY:** 'Stoo bad. Well, some other time, George.

**THE WISE GUY:** You seddit. You got to meet her, Harry. You be crazy about her.

**HARRY:** I beleieve it. You know your way about, son. So long, I give you a ring.

**THE WISE GUY:** You do that little thing. So long. (*He goes off. A beautiful blonde emerges from the store next to the cigar store.*)

**THE BLONDE:** Has he went?

**HARRY:** Has who went?

**THE BLONDE:** My husband, brainless!

**HARRY:** Your husband! So that's why you ducked into the store like that!



THIS IS HOW I  
MONDAY NIG  
OPENING OF  
DAUGHTER,"  
HIS VIEW A  
TWADBLE—AN  
THE INTEL





good. THE BLONDE: You said it, Harry. I ain't taking no chances. Honest, that blue plate of mine is one terrible little wise guy!  
Henry William Hanemann.

## Floreat Hicksville!

(Real-estate agents in Hicksville, N. Y., recently asked that the name of the town be changed, but the citizens voted to reject this suggestion.)

THOUGH towns pervert their names by scores  
To please our booming realtors,  
Though Haverstraw be changed to Brickville,  
The farmer's poultry-yard to Chicks-ville  
And Hell's metropolis to Styxville,  
Let Hicksville be forever Hicksville!  
Arthur Guiterman.

## Broadway Maxims

TWO'S a company; three's a corporation.

\*\*\*

All the world loves a winner, but only the wise guys love her in time.

\*\*\*

It's getting so that when a gal tells you she's playing the "two-a-day" circuit, you don't know whether she means vaudeville or divorce.

\*\*\*

If a man makes the best rat-trap in the world, he's a sap to stay in a forest, where he can't fix a deal to split with the ticket speculators.

\*\*\*

Money talks mostly broken English.

\*\*\*

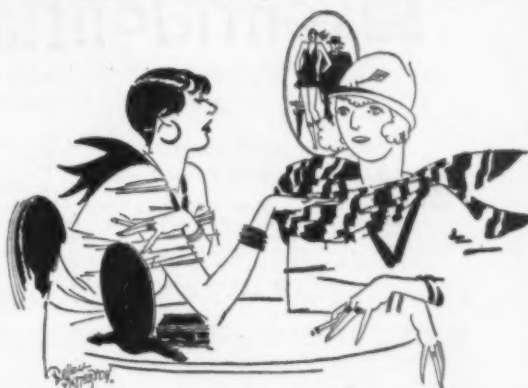
If you stand long enough at the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway, everybody you know will pass you by.

\*\*\*

They call them supper clubs because people don't like to admit they eat breakfast that early.

James Kevin McGuinness.

## JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



"MY dear, HAVE you been to the Blue Balloon? Honestly, it's the duck's quack! Most DIVINE music you've ever heard and the orchestra leader looks like a dope fiend...ACTUALLY, my dear, he's SIMPLY fascinating... The way he looks at you SIMPLY sends the shivers up your spine...The other night he wanted to dance with me and the man I was with was SIMPLY furious...Honestly, my dear, it was the FUNNIEST thing you've ever SEEN. ...You positively MUST go there, my dear... Have you the SLIGHTEST idea what time it is? I had breakfast in BED simply AGES ago and the maid was SIMPLY furious, it was so late.... WHAT? SIX? How simply AWFUL....I promised faithfully to play BRIDGE at Dora's at FOUR! I mean I ACTUALLY did."

Lloyd Mayer.

## Americana

HE: I've an idea to open a chain of stores between New York and Boston.  
SHE: What will you sell?  
HE: Oh, I'll sell the idea.

IT'S a wise chorus girl that knows her own limousine.



THIS IS HOW HE LOOKED ON MONDAY NIGHT AT THE OPENING OF "PASSION'S DAUGHTER," DESCRIBED IN HIS REVIEW AS "TIRE SOME TWADLE—AN INSULT TO THE INTELLIGENCE."



THIS WAS HIS PREVAILING EXPRESSION ON TUESDAY NIGHT, WHEN HE SAW "DISEASES OF 1926"—WHICH HE CHARACTERIZED AS THE "GAYEST, HAPPIEST EVENT OF THE SEASON."



ON WEDNESDAY, AT "UP IN BETTY'S BOUDOIR," HE APPEARED AS ABOVE. IN HIS REVIEW HE CONCEDED THAT THE PLAY WAS "BOISTEROUSLY VULGAR—BUT LAUGHABLE, FOR ALL THAT."



ON FRIDAY, AT THE WORLD PREMIERE OF "BANANA OIL," HE WORE THE ABOVE EXPRESSION—ADMITTING SUBSEQUENTLY THAT HE HAD "CHUCKLED IMMODERATELY THROUGHOUT THE SHOW."



FURTHERMORE, HE LOOKED ABOUT LIKE THIS ON SATURDAY NIGHT, WHEN IN THE BIGGEST POT OF THE EVENING HE HELD FOUR KINGS.

## A DRAMATIC CRITIC RUNS THE GAMUT

# Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**Beyond Evil.** *Cort*—To be reviewed next week.

**Bride of the Lamb.** *Henry Miller's*—Alice Brady excellent as the housewife whose sex found expression in religion.

**Craig's Wife.** *Morosco*—Showing that keeping house does not always keep the husband. Chrystal Herne as the woman who found this out. A good play which won a prize.

**The Great God Brown.** *Klaw*—Eugene O'Neill's important contribution to the drama of the psyche, thrilling for the first half but with increasing cloudiness.

**Kongo.** *Biltmore*—Three acts of the old hoke, which is not entirely without effect on its audience.

**Lulu Belle.** *Belasco*—A vivid account of the progress of a heartless harlot from Harlem to Paris, with Lenore Ulric at her very best and ably supported by Henry Hull.

**Sex.** *Daly's*—No more shocking than the preceding and not so well done.

**The Shanghai Gesture.** *Shubert*—Retribution stalking through a Chinese brothel under the expert guidance of Florence Reed.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Abie's Irish Rose.** *Republic*—Stet. Alias the Deacon. *Hudson*—Good, regulation crook comedy.

**At Mrs. Beam's.** *Guild*—Highly amusing collection of British boarding-house types, including Jean Cadell, Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.

**Cradle Snatchers.** *Music Box*—Three middle-aged ladies in amorous mood, if you think it's funny.

**The Half-Naked Truth.** *Mayfair*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Importance of Being Earnest.** *Ritz*—Oscar Wilde still in the running.

**Is Zat So?** *Forty-Sixth St.*—Prizefight talk which is very funny.

**Laff That Off.** *Wallack's*—Adequate.

**The Last of Mrs. Cheyne.** *Fulton*—Ina Claire, with Roland Young and A. E. Matthews, in a delightful piece of knavery.

**Love 'Em and Leave 'Em.** *Times Square*—An all-around nice play dealing with the troubles of department-store clerks.

**Love-in-a-Mist.** *Gaiety*—This little comedy is very fortunate in having so compelling a comedienne as Madge Kennedy.

**One of the Family.** *Eltinge*—Grant Mitchell in farcical troubles at home.

**The Patsy.** *Booth*—Claiborne Foster in something pleasant.

**Pomeroy's Past.** *Longacre*—If you like delicious dialogue, hear Ernest Truex and Laura Hope Crews in this.

**Square Crooks.** *Maxine Elliott's*—Don't bother.

**What Every Woman Knows.** *Bijou*—Helen Hayes battling for Maude Adams with notable success.

**The Wisdom Tooth.** *Little*—The moving story of a young man who went back to his boyhood for a backbone. A good thing to see.



FROM BAD—



TO WORSE

SINCE ADVERTISERS ARE WILLING TO PAY MORE THAN STORES DO FOR SPACE, BROADWAY'S WHITE-LIGHTS WILL COME DOWNSTAIRS.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**The Bunk of 1926.** *Broadhurst*—Not the same show that opened uptown.

**The Cocoanuts.** *Lyric*—The best clowning in town by the Marx Brothers.

**Garrick Gaieties.** *Garrick*—Smart inside-stuff.

**The Girl Friend.** *Vanderbilt*—Puck and White in a good musical show.

**Grand Street Follies.** *Neighborhood*—To be reviewed later.

**The Great Temptations.** *Winter Garden*—A big show, full of glitter and dirt.

**Iolanthe.** *Plymouth*—Gilbert and Sullivan de luxe.

**Kitty's Kisses.** *Playhouse*—A lot of dancing anyway.

**A Night in Paris.** *Casino de Paris*—French and American in diverting combination.

**The Palm Beach Girl.** *Globe*—To be reviewed later.

**Scandals of 1926.** *Apollo*—To be reviewed later.

**Song of the Flame.** *Forty-Fourth St.*—Tessa Kosta in spectacular singing.

**Sunny.** *New Amsterdam*—Marilyn Miller, Jack Donahue and many other stars in a swell show.

**Tip-Toes.** *Liberty*—Out with a new summer edition.

**The Vagabond King.** *Casino*—Excellent old-time comic opera.

**Vanities of 1926.** *Earl Carroll*—Three of the country's funniest men—Joe Cook, Julius Tannen and Frank Tinney. The rest is girls.



## The Djighits

**W**HATEVER line of work we take up when we get through reviewing plays, it is not going to be that of a Cossack. This is final. No offer, no matter how flattering, from the Cossack authorities would tempt us ever to get on one of those horses and stand on our head in the saddle. We are nobody's fool.

The aggregation of Cossacks (or "Djighits," as they like to be called, which seems strange when you learn that it is pronounced "Jiggets") recently at Madison Square Garden in New York, on their way across the continent, seem to have this horseback riding pretty well in hand. They play all kinds of games on horseback, with the possible exception of chess. They make pyramids on horseback and hang by one foot from the saddle. They ride through a wall of fire (the local authorities permitting) and they do an unconscionable amount of shouting and yipping at all times. About the only feature of their performance in which we felt that we could compete with them at all was the yipping. We used to be a very good yipper indeed, as a boy.



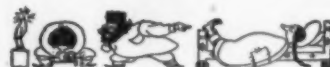
**O**NE of the games of the Cossacks is called "Kavkaz." This is played somewhat in the manner of our hockey, except that there are no ice, skates or sticks. The puck, in this case, is a woolly ball, about the size of a basketball, which is tossed from one rider to another down the field and, if possible, past a goal-keeper into a sort of arbor-effect.

We are told in a program note that the peculiar appearance of the ball comes from the game's having originally been played with a live sheep, whose head, in the course of the sport, became severed and was tossed about as the ball now is. The ball was substituted for the sheep's head presumably after all the sheep in the neighborhood, on hearing a Cossack propose a rubber of "Kavkaz," began making a point of being in another section of Russia before the whistle blew.



**F**OR the convenience of the patrons, a scorecard is furnished and the players are numbered. We are therefore able to report that Sossoff, at cover-point, played a whirlwind game for the White Hats, while Nikishin and Jzvorin

for the Rimless Derbies were towers of strength on the defense. The Rimless Derbies won, but locker-room gossip had it that the White Hats were not satisfied with several decisions. The White Hats also look forward to an excellent season next year, as most of this year's team are sophomores who need only a little more rib-breaking and cartilage-pulling to make them veterans of considerable power.



**T**HOSE patrons desiring sex-interest in their entertainment will find it aplenty in the Cossack show in the number entitled "Abduction of the Bride." In this spectacular bit of rapine, we see the bridal party in the throes of stupendous intoxication, presumably following the groom's bachelor dinner. We have never seen a wedding group so thoroughly cock-eyed as this one. The bride herself does manage to keep on her saddle, but the groom is dead to the world across the horse's neck like a sack of meal.

It is a very simple matter, then, for a group of cold-sober abductors to dash up, shoot off a few guns, lift the bride to one of their horses, and gallop away with her. We must say, however, that the bride was pretty easy picking. Even though her groom had turned out to be something of a disappointment as a cavalier, she might at least have waited until her abductors had got her out of sight before she began to giggle.



**T**HERE is also quite a bit of chorus singing done by a Glee Club, including—you guessed it—"The Song of the Volga Boatmen." That bit of harmony for male voices must correspond in Russia to our "Sweet Adeline" in popularity. The singing and dancing are good, but we could have stood a little less for the sake of an extra period of "Kavkaz." We missed one number, down on the program cryptically as "Picking Up Articles from Ground"; so we probably never shall know the nature of this act.



**O**H, yes, there was a new play opening that week. It was called "One Man's Woman" or "One Woman's Man." It was another of those Pango-Pango-Hawaiian bits, and we left at the end of the first act. At that, we were just a slave to our conscience and our job.

Robert Benchley.





*Clo:* TED CERTAINLY IS FULL OF PEP WHEN HE'S DANCING, ISN'T HE?

*Flo:* YES, INDEED! HE'S ALWAYS RIGHT UP ON YOUR TOES.

## Anything But—

"New York is the City of Cities, the Wonder Metropolis of the World. Whatever can be found elsewhere, that can be found also in New York."—*From a real estate boosting circular.*

**W**ELL, maybe. That is, of course, anything except—

Natives capable of directing strangers to the street from the express platform of the Pennsylvania subway station.

Citizens possessing sufficient courage to penetrate the highways, byways and bosky dells of the New York Public Library in search of a book.

An open, horse-drawn carriage occupied by other than (a) two old ladies in black silk temporarily registered at the Waldorf, or (b) a group of young gentlemen somewhat the worse for liquor and having one hell of a time.

A taxicab driver possessing the faintest inkling of which way the one-way streets go south of Fourteenth.

A sightseeing bus that starts when the barker says it will start.

Enforcement of the theatre-ticket-speculating law.

"Play streets for children" not given over to a fleet of trucks, taxis and vegetable hawkers' wagons.

Any brownstone-front house in the Forties or Fifties, a ring at the basement bell of which won't bring to the door a personage with interrogating eyebrows and a napkin over his arm.

Torchlight parades in honor of Wayne B. Wheeler.

The firm conviction (a) among residents, that after you've lived a while in New York pretty nearly any other town would look good to you, and (b) among non-residents, that New York is a poor place to visit but would be perfectly swell to live in.

Any "New Yorker," resident for more than a year, who will confess ever to have visited the Statue of Liberty, the Woolworth Tower, Grant's Tomb or the Aquarium.

Gentiles (obs.).

Tip Bliss.



*First Trained Flea:* WELL, WELL, OLD CHAP, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN A DOG'S AGE. HOW'S TRICKS?

*Second Artist:* OH, THE USUAL THING — LAYOFFS AND SLEEPER JUMPS.

BROADWAY BANTER

## Nailing a Rumor

**L**ONGACRE: They say your daughter is making money hand over fist.

**BOUWERIE: Yeh—but the manicure business ain't what it used to be!**

**M**OST Ford owners have developed a good bump of location.



# The Younger Married Set

By George S. Chappell

## VI. The "Ladies' Literary"



GW

"HEARING ENID FLAMM TRY TO TELL ABOUT THE PLOT OF A BOOK SHE HADN'T EVEN READ."

AS I believe I have pointed out, we are, at times, distinctly cultural out our way. Oh, yes, indeed. Contrary to the idea of dyed-in-the-wool city-dwellers, we do not revert to vegetables because we live in the open spaces of the country. Our lives are filled with charming, civilizing influences and organizations, prominent among which I must put the "Ladies' Literary," as our bookish sodality is called. Perhaps every community has such a group, but it is hard for me to believe that they are as austere high-brow as ours. The requirements, social and mental, have been going up steadily, like the high cost of living, until now only intellectual Brahmins need apply.

This love of literature is confined almost exclusively to the ladies. Among the men folks there isn't a quiver of excitement about getting up a library or anything like that. They give over their week-ends to exercise, and if they feel the need of any mental stimulant of an evening they switch on the old radio or go to the movies. Their reading-field is restricted to the paper and occasional dabs at a magazine. Really, our American men, taken in bulk, are hopeless lowbrows.

Of course I must except such a person as Wallace Onderdonck, our dramatic coach and president of "Ye Mummies," but he lives almost entirely

surrounded by ladies, from whom he is hardly distinguishable. Even so, Wallace's interest is mainly in the literature of the stage and doesn't go farther back than Dunsany. Ask him who Clyde Fitch or Charles Hoyt was and he would flunk the exam.

In a way, though, Onderdonck was responsible for the crystallization of our literary group into a definite organization. The formation of "Ye Mummies" left a number of erstwhile amateur actors out of the fold. They felt snubbed and expressed themselves in no uncertain terms.

Mrs. Dr. Vetch, the minister's wife, was especially incensed.

"Who is Fannie Tuttle, I should like to know," she asked, "to give herself airs because she is in with that idiotic actor crowd? Hmph."

"You're absolutely right," agreed Mrs. Libby, who was not used to being left out of anything. "What this village needs is an organization of thinking women, some of those who read books and—er—"

She paused, not being able to think of what else people read.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Mrs. Libby, her eyes alight at the prospect of getting the jump on some



GW

"'GOOD LORD,' EXCLAIMED MRS. PEABODY, 'I COULD NO MORE WRITE A PAPER THAN I COULD FLY.'"

one, "we'll meet at my house next Tuesday and organize, informally. Who'll we ask?"

Out of this small and private indignation meeting came the germ of the Ladies' Literary. The original members were a select lot, bound together by a sense of injury. Mrs. Luther Pritchett, Mrs. Horace Bemis, Miss Enid Flamm—these and others found themselves more and more outside the pale of the more sprightly dramatic set. They thus automatically became candidates for the new organization. A few fearful pinheads were admitted on this basis.

This didn't matter at first, for the subject of literature was entirely submerged by the anvil chorus and by the cries of delight when the food was served. I looked in on one of the early meetings and was appalled at the enthusiasm created by a tray of particularly poisonous-looking sandwiches.

"My dear," screamed Mrs. Bemis, "how do you make these little blossoms of cheese and pimento? They are poems!"

Mrs. Libby, who was hostess, held the floor with an entrancing description of just how the "poems" were made, but this seemed to be the limit of the literary allusions at that time.

There was tremendous competition, I recall, among suc-



GW

"OUR AMERICAN MEN, TAKEN IN BULK, ARE HOPELESS LOWBROWS."

cessive hostesses, who racked their brains to evolve succulent messes that should send their guests home reeling and surfeited. And the question of cocktails was discussed.

"I don't believe in them," said Mrs. Pritchett.

"I know why," shrieked Hannah Coit, who was one of the prize pin-heads; "it's because Luther always locks up the likker. He told me he did."

The matter resolved itself pleasantly into leaving the question of cocktails to individual hostesses, but it was remarked by some that Mrs. Pritchett never missed one and was even known to ask on several occasions, "Is there a dividend?"

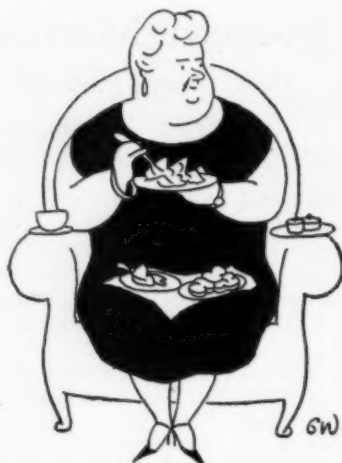
Strange, is it not, how, in their relations to good things to eat and drink, our ladies know not the meaning of self-control!

It was the competition in menus that finally forced the ladies into a more definite notice of literature.

"We really mustn't eat so much," said Mrs. Libby, through a lettuce leaf. "We never get finished in time to talk about anything, let alone books."

"That's right," said Mrs. Bemis, furtively smacking the mayonnaise on her lips. "We ought to limit our lunches to three simple courses, and then have a regular hour of discussion, before tea."

With this reasonable arrangement a bookish flavor actually began to permeate the meetings. When the president tapped for order the ladies sank back with a sigh, brushing the crumbs from their façades, and looked resigned. At first books in general were the topic, approached in the most informal way. The conversational ball was left to whoever chose to grab it and this was always either Mrs. Libby or Miss Flamm, more probably the latter, who, as correspondent of the *Bulletin*, was more au courant with what



"WE REALLY MUSTN'T EAT SO MUCH," SAID MRS. LIBBY.

was going on in the world of best-sellers.

While the others listened the speaker would outline the plot of the latest novel she had read with such comment as she recalled from the columns of the Sunday book supplement. If there is any torture more terrible than that of hearing a plot retold by one who gets off the track from time to time, I have never heard of it. At any rate



"I'LL TELL YOU WHAT WE'LL DO," SAID MRS. LIBBY, HER EYES ALIGHT.

it was sufficient to weed out the entirely brainless from the Ladies' Literary, several of whom said frankly that they "couldn't stand hearing Enid Flamm try to tell about the plot of a book she hadn't even read!" In fact, Grace Carter said she caught Enid in a definite lie by asking her what she thought of characters in a certain book who really weren't in it at all, which was a low-down trick because there isn't a person in the world who hasn't pretended that way, some time or other.

After the recalcitrant members had retired a more serious purpose began to animate the club. In order to escape from the constant monologues of Mrs. Libby and Miss Flamm it was suggested that each member prepare a paper in turn. It should be her afternoon. She could choose her own topic and have the floor without interruption, after which there should be a half-hour of general discussion. This narrowed down the circle still further.

"Good Lord," exclaimed Mrs. Peabody, "I could no more write a paper like that than I could fly. I like to get together and have lunch and talk about books but I couldn't read them—I mean," she corrected, "I couldn't write about them."

"Let her stay home, then," said Mrs. Vetch, who is severe. The remark was not meant for Mrs. Peabody's ears, not directly, at least, but it reached them with surprising promptness and her chair was vacant thereafter.

Thus, by a sort of survival of the fittest, the Ladies' Literary has grown into a compact and very serious body. No longer is the discussion random or the choice of a topic haphazard. Nor is it left, now, to the individual selection of a member. Oh, no, nothing like that.

"Why discuss these silly books of to-day?" asked Mrs. Bemis, who has grown into a tower (Cont. on page 32)

## Salvation

I HAD my being in despair,  
A *Real Confessions* heroine.  
I smoked, and drank, and bobbed my hair,  
Abandoned to my scarlet sin.  
My past was stained with purple shame,  
No future promise could be seen...  
And then my reformation came;  
The Postal Office made me clean.

I gave myself to mad delights,  
The kind described with dash and dot.  
Whatever parties bloomed o' nights,  
You'd find me Janey on the spot.  
But in the final paragraphs,  
I saw the light that never fails.  
I cut my loves, and hushed my laughs,  
And won admission to the mails.

James Kevin McGuinness.

## Revenge

FARMER BROWN: Whatcha laughin' at?  
FARMER BLACK: That auto party tearin' down the pike. They jes' stole the biggest limb off'n my lilac tree.  
BROWN: What's funny about that?  
BLACK: It had a hornets' nest on it.

## Another June Bride

MILDRED (*despondently*): I am to marry Jack next week and I am not at all sure that I really love him.  
MADELYN: How positively thrilling.

NEVERTHELESS, things have come to a pretty state when a South American has to go to Europe to see a revolution.



WHEN BROADWAY WAS A PASTURE  
*Squaw Flapper*: LAY OFF THAT STUFF, BIG CHIEF. YOU CAN'T HIGH-HAT ME!



"WHAT'S THE IDEA—LOOKING IN THAT DOG-HOUSE?"  
"DOG-HOUSE NOTHING! THAT'S THE NEWEST OF THE LITTLE THEATRES."

## Fancy Food and Plain Home Cooking

ADVERTISING SOLICITOR: It's nice to meet you, Mr. Kittle. I presume that you are Mr. E. A. Kittle?

MR. KITTLE: Yeah—I'm Mr. Kittle.

ADVERTISING SOLICITOR: I came to talk to you about Kittle Kakes and the ultimate consumer. Our Research Department has spent three years in a specific analysis of the buckwheat cake industry. I am ready to put our exhaustive findings before you... Frankly, it will open your eyes. It shows the per capita consumption of buckwheat in every home lit by electricity. It shows the growth in population in dense buckwheat cake-consuming areas. It shows conclusively that divorce is practically unknown in towns that have a ninety per cent. or over buckwheat cake coverage. It shows—

MR. KITTLE: Pardon me... Hello—yeah, this is Kittle. No, I didn't say

free seats—I said three seats. Yeah, "Abie's Irish Rose"... Now, Mr.—

ADVERTISING SOLICITOR: Pebbles is my name—Ernest Pebbles. I was touching upon our recent buckwheat cake research work—but I see you're busy, so I'll come to the point. It is simply this, Mr. Kittle. Kittle Kakes, as we see them, have the greatest potential possibilities in the entire buckwheat cake field. We have ready a series of rough visuals that will form the basic appeal on which to build your future public approach. Featured in the country's prominent media—

MR. KITTLE: Pardon me... Hello—yeah, this is Mr. Kittle... What say? ... Sure, come right up... Pardon me, Mr.—er—Puddles. Glad to've met you. ... You'll have to excuse me now. There's a fellow downstairs who wants to sell me some advertising.

L. S. Goldsmith.



## The SILENT DRAMA



### "Silence"

THERE is a firm conviction in this department that acting may be (and usually is) finer on the screen than on the stage. That's a statement which is open to considerable argument: if any one calls me on it, I can only reply, "Well—I think so, anyway."

My contention is well supported by H. B. Warner, who played the leading rôle in "Silence" when it was a play and is now doing likewise in what we critics call the film version. Mr. Warner was darned good in the original "Silence"; in the present interpretation he is not far short of magnificent. Thinking back over a long stretch of years, I can recall very few performances that have been so completely, so genuinely true.

The picture itself touches greatness in a few of its scenes—notably the ultimate march to the gallows; and then again, it descends to the rankest mediocrity. In one episode, we see Mr. Warner talking to a simpering and rather camera-shy child who says, "Dat's my birfday cake, mans." To concede that Mr. Warner holds the spectator's interest and heartfelt sympathy throughout this scene is to pay the highest conceivable tribute to his art.

TO return to the subject of our first paragraph.

There is every reason why the general standard of acting should be higher on the screen than on the stage. For one thing, the film magnates can pay more, and few indeed are the actors who will refuse to listen to reason. For another thing, it is more practicable for a movie director to observe and correct the actors' faults. If one player in a picture

gives a flagrantly bad performance, his part may be cut until it is sufficiently unobtrusive, or the scenes in which he appears may be retaken.

When we consider individual stars, we find that most of the really great artists have stuck to the stage; but we also find that the greatest of them all, Charlie Chaplin, and possibly the next greatest, Emil Jannings, are essentially products of the silent drama.

I'm not trying to say that acting on the screen requires more real ability or intelligence than the other kind: it probably doesn't. I'm thinking not of preparatory effort but of results, as they are visible to the undraped eye of the casual observer.

### "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp"

HARRY LANGDON, a recent recruit to the "Dead Pan" school of comedy, has made his first feature picture. It is called "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," and it tells of a humble boob who plodded across the continent to advertise a brand of shoes.

So far as Harry Langdon is concerned, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" is exceptional. Langdon lacks the crispness of Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton; he is ever at a loss for something to do; he never hurries. But his appeal is undeniable and utterly irresistible. He looks out at the world through large, saucer eyes, trying desperately hard to comprehend, and never quite succeeding. If I were a Gilbert Seldes I should say that Harry Langdon symbolizes something or other—but I can't decide what it is, so we'll have to let it go.

R. E. Sherwood.

## Recent Developments

**Aloma of the South Seas.** Gilda Gray in a treat for the eyes and starvation diet for the intellect.

**Money Talks.** About as bad as they come.

**The Wilderness Woman.** Loud farce, in which Chester Conklin is funny.

**Brown of Harvard.** No Yale man should miss this.

**Hell-Bent fer Heaven.** Back to the rugged mountains, whence came "Tol-able David" and "Driven."

**Wet Paint.** Raymond Griffith's first flop.

**A Social Celebrity.** Adolphe Men-

jou and that prize cutie, Louise Brooks, in a feeble farce.

**The Volga Boatman.** The more praise Cecil De Mille gets from the critics, the less money he makes.

**The Sea Beast.** An excessively ham drama, made even more so by John Barrymore's "acting."

**Beverly of Graustark.** Marion Davies is very nice in pants—but otherwise, it's a poor picture.

**Mlle. Modiste.** A series of fashion plates, with Corinne Griffith.

**The Flaming Frontier.** Custer's positively last stand (I hope).

**Fascinating Youth.** Collegiate an-

tics in the Paramount School for refined young people.

**For Heaven's Sake.** Harold Lloyd as ever.

**Mare Nostrum.** Teutonic dirty work below sea level.

**Ben-Hur.** Ramón Novarro and a few thousand others in the biggest circus of them all.

**La Bohème.** Dismal doings in the Quartier Latin, involving Lillian Gish and John Gilbert.

**The Black Pirate, Moana, The Merry Widow, Stella Dallas and The Big Parade**—the vote on all of these is still "yes."





*Take a Kodak with you*

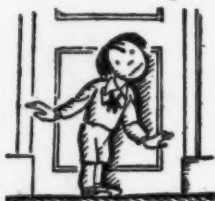
*Autographic Kodaks, \$5 up*

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City*

# Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"

## Bobby's Idea



SOME little boys don't know what they are going to do when they grow up. Bobby does know. He's going to be a doctor. Thus, when he is found with his ear against a door and they tell him it is very naughty to listen in that manner, he answers, "I'm not listening; I'm just practicing auscultation!"

—Marcel Arnac, in *Le Journal* (Paris).

## Menckeniana

At a conservative estimate, there is one new Mencken story every week. An old one which dates from the time when H. L. was editor of the *Smart Set* has recently been uncovered. An aspiring young poetess posted to Mencken a poem in an envelope from her personal stationery, which was scented. By return mail the verse came back with the following rejection:

"Your poetry is awful, but your perfume is superb."—*New Yorker*.

## His Thought on the Matter

DURING a recent Metropolitan Opera matinee in Atlanta, a local business man asked another in the lobby: "Have you the time?"

"Well, I really haven't," was the answer, "but I feel it my duty to be here to help boost our city."

—*Musical Courier*.

## The Irrepressible You-All

SOUTHERN TOURIST: Where are you-all from, fella?

NORTHERN SAME: Oh, I'm all from home, Colonel.—*Colorado Dodo*.



Son of the House: TELL ME, ARE YOU INVITED OUT THIS EVENING, MARIE?

Marie (expectantly): NO...SIR.

"THEN PERHAPS THERE'S A CHANCE OF MY GETTING CALLED AT SEVEN IN THE MORNING."

—Klods-Hans (Copenhagen).

## Demobilization

("Perambulators are replacing artillery."  
—*Polish dispatch*).

RELIEVED of all their late alarms,  
Say reassuring cablegrams,  
In Poland now the babes in arms  
Have peacefully resumed their prams.  
—*Chicago Daily News*.

## Not So Long Ago

Who remembers when a couple of months abroad qualified the traveler for twenty-five lecture dates back home, with stereopticon slides?—*Detroit News*.

"AUNT EDITH, what is a confession?"  
"Gossiping about yourself, my dear."  
—*Boston Transcript*.



"HER FEET BENEATH HER PETTICOAT  
LIKE LITTLE MICE STOLE IN AND OUT,  
AS IF THEY FEARED THE LIGHT."

SIR JOHN SUCKLING (1630).  
—*New Masses*.

## Ding-a-Ling!!

RADIO EXPERT (just awakened by loud noise from telephone): Radio Shop.

VOICE: Hello, we're holding a dance to radio music on that set I bought of you last week.

"Well?"

"I want to know which dial to turn to make it play faster."

—*Science and Invention*.

## Untrustworthy

"Do you believe in divorce?"

"Not any more," answered Miss Cayenne. "Some of the most famous divorces of late have resulted in reconciliations."—*Washington Star*.

## The Striker's Ideal

FROM an advertisement — "Wanted, Cook-General...every Sunday and weekday out."—*Cambridge Grant*.

WELL, anyway, the franc is good to the last drop.—*New York World*.



"I DON'T BELIEVE IN A WOMAN'S GOING TO A RESTAURANT BY HERSELF."

"BECAUSE OF CONVENTION?"

"NO. BECAUSE SHE HAS TO PAY HER CHECK."

—*Le Ruy Blas* (Paris).

## Ingratitude, Thou Marble-Hearted Fiend!

THE best comment we ever heard on "King Lear" is the story told of a matronly lady in a private box who, after the scene between the demented king and his daughter, *Goneril*, turned to another matronly lady and said, in tones that could be heard all over the theatre:

"Rather an unpleasant family, these Lears!"—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

## We Have Another Engagement

SPORTING note in a *Renton* (Wash.) paper—"The *Renton Gun Club* will hold another shoot this Sunday at their traps on *Smithers Field*. The shooting will start at about nine o'clock and will continue as long as any one is left to shoot."

—*Literary Digest*.

## So There Was

PROFESSOR (at an informal student-prof. session): Well, it seems there was an absent-minded professor who—who—let's see, what was I starting to say?

—*Cincinnati Cynic*.

"ARE you fond of dancing?"

"I hop to tell you!"

—*Cornell Widow*.



"AND HOW WILL YOU HAVE HIM CLIPPED, LADY?"

"WITH A BOYISH BOB, OF COURSE."

—*Le Rire* (Paris).

### So Shall Ye Know Them

IN a family where a new radio was installed the excitement spread even to the kitchen, and induced the colored cook to peep in at intervals. Once, when she was bobbing back, abashed, her kindly mistress told her to come in, if she liked, and listen.

"It's the church service, but I don't know what denomination," explained the lady of the house.

The servant listened delightedly, and then when the service could hardly be distinguished from various other sounds, her face cleared with the light of discovery.

"That must be static," the mistress was saying, when Molly interrupted:

"Oh, no'm—dey's done got religion."  
—Collier's.

### Good for Business

MANAGER: I think Jones is worth a lot more money than he's getting!

BOSS: We want more like him, Perkins.—Smith's Weekly (Sydney).

ALL the world loves a lover until he complicates the parking problem.

—Terre Haute Star.



### QUESTIONS OF TACT

"YOU ARE DEMANDING THE SUPPRESSION OF TIPS IN ORDER TO GAIN AN INCREASE IN SALARY?"

"YES, BUT AFTERWARDS WE SHALL NOT THINK OF AFFRONTING OUR CLIENTS BY REFUSING THEIR TIPS."

—Le Rire (Paris).

### Who Saw America First?

WHILE "The Flaming Frontier" was showing recently at the Colony, in New York, two Indians were employed for advertising purposes outside the theatre.

Accosting one of the red men, an inquisitive gray-haired woman asked:

"You are a real Indian, aren't you?"

"Yes, madam," was the courteous response.

"How do you like our city?"

"Fine, madam. How do you like our country?"—Motion Pictures Today.

Glass Ginger Ale with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters delightful tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

### Look to Your Laurels, Nathalia!

POEM contributed by Miss Emily Evins, aged eight, of Atlanta, Ga.:

Sister, brother, mother dear,  
Father, baby, nurse,  
All help to make our happy home  
Better, if not worse.

—New York World.

SAILOR (shouting): Man overboard!

SEASICK PASSENGER (with a groan):

Lucky dog!—Boston Transcript.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied.

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Motor Clothes for Owner  
or Chauffeur

Send for BROOKS's Miscellany

**BOSTON** LITTLE BUILDING TREMONT COR. BOSTON  
**PALM BEACH** PLAZA BUILDING COUNTY ROAD  
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## "If..."

FREQUENTLY you hear a man say, "If Fatimas were sold at fifteen cents everybody would smoke them." No doubt, but that's easier said than done. For without the finer tobaccos, the subtle delicacy, made possible by a few cents more, Fatima would not be Fatima

# F A T I M A



"What a whale of a difference  
just a few cents make"

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

### Manhattan Amuses Me—

BECAUSE I saw a girl wearing flannelette, military-collared pajamas emerge from the soiled bedclothes of her cot, in a Village basement room, prop herself with a pillow, sneeze, tie a veteran gray sweater around her shoulders, brace a trusty Corona on her knees and write the daily style column for a city newspaper, entitled—"Fashion Bits from Paris."

Because in the Brevoort Hotel, which the Müddle West "yokels" consider a bit wicked, I was running the bath water at eleven-thirty when the house detective tapped on the door to say that the guests in the next room had telephoned a complaint—they objected to noise after ten o'clock.

Because a Californian who had not been East for five years chose his New York hotel from an alluring advertise-

ment, breezed in, registered and asked the rate. A callow, patent-leather-haired clerk casually informed him, "Twenty dollars a day." "Good God!" retorted the bronzed gentleman. "I might as well stay at the Ritz." Without batting an eyelid, the keeper of the desk and book responded, "Certainly, sir, if you wanta stay at second-class hotels, that's up to you."

Grace Z. Brown.

### Prodigal

"SUCH a spenditt he is, my wife's brother," said the Cloak-and-Suiter. "Five hundred here, paying a note—six hundred there, paying a bill—just like money was spinach, and grew on trees!"

SLOGAN of the Broadway producers — "Nothing succeeds like sexess."

### Among the New Books

**Mantrap.** By Sinclair Lewis (*Harcourt, Brace*). Believe it or not, but this one is a story laid in the Northern wilds and centering about a trader, a tenderfoot and a girl. To be reviewed later.

**Jazz.** By Paul Whiteman (*Sears*). This, that and the other about a current mania revealed by one of the men higher up. With pictures.

**The Paris That Is Paris.** By Watson White (*Scribner*). A readable guide-book which backs up its directions with legend and history.

**The Dreadful Decade.** By Don C. Seitz (*Bobbs-Merrill*). The outlandish experiences of the Reconstruction Period.

**The Verdict of Bridlegoose.** By Llewelyn Powys (*Harcourt, Brace*). A plainspoken Englishman tells what he thinks of us.

**The Silver Forest.** By Ben Ames Williams (*Dutton*). Seven New Yorkers stranded in the Maine woods become involved with murder and mystery.

**The Heart of Black Papua.** By Merlin Moore Taylor (*McBride*). Adventures among the cannibals of New Guinea.

**The Red Gods Call.** By C. E. Scoggins (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Fictionized contrast between Muncie, Indiana, and points considerably farther south.

**The Arcturus Adventure.** By William Beebe (*Putnam*). An account of the New York Zoological Society's first oceanographic expedition written by the man who headed it. With many and marvelous illustrations.

**Brawnyman.** By James Stevens (*Knopf*). The American laborer as protagonist.

**The Four Winds.** By Sinclair Gluck (*Dodd, Mead*). The adventures of a young man who got mixed up with some bandits in a great city.

**Co-Ed.** By Olive Deane Hormel (*Scribner*). The story of a girl who chose the State University instead of Vassar.

**If You Must Cook.** By Jennette Lee (*Dodd, Mead*). An interesting exposition of first principles, flanked by sample menus, by a woman who until the age of fifty was more interested in Pater than in pots.

**The Story of Philosophy.** By Will Durant (*Simon & Schuster*). The lives and opinions of the greater philosophers. Fascinating reading.

**The Actor in Room 931.** By Cyril Maude, in collaboration with Charles Hanson Towne (*Sears*). The novelized experiences of an elderly actor in a hotel.

**Zuleika Dobson.** By Max Beerbohm. With an introduction by Francis Hackett. The Modern Library's latest acquisition. B. L.

### DUTTON'S SUMMER BOOK SERVICE

? takes away the worry of what to read in vacation time by supplying you monthly (or any way you wish) with the new fiction of all publishers. The latest reviews and advance announcements from all over the country are at hand and the most worthwhile and most talked about books will be sent you. If the selection does not suit you, other novels will be substituted.

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# White Rock Ginger Ale

Pale

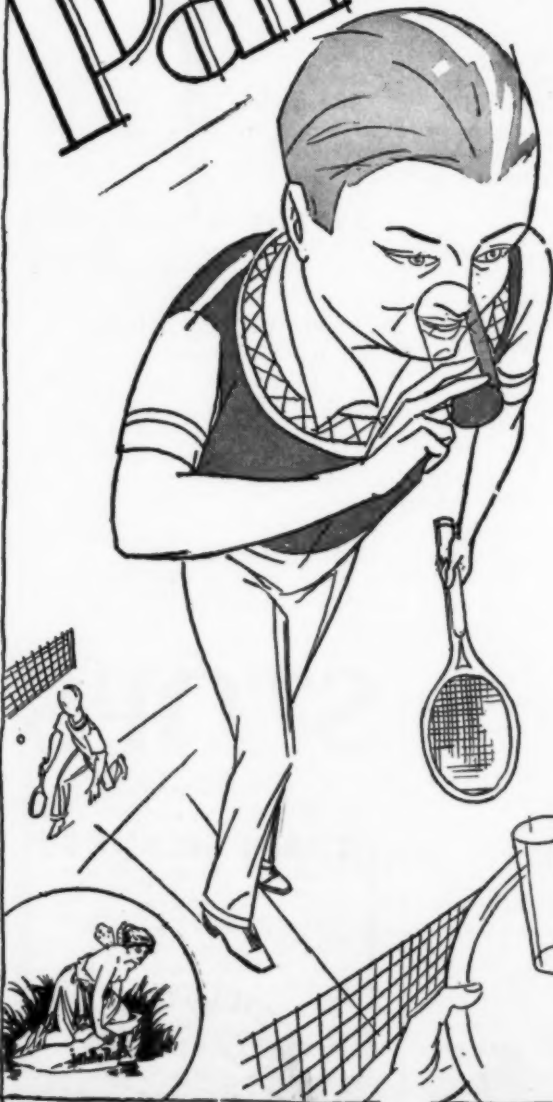
## Exhilarating—

On the tennis courts, where parched and thirsty throats demand the utmost satisfying, this new sensation—White Rock Ginger Ale—is favorite among those who know.

It is the choice of connoisseurs—thanks to its amber bubbling purity—its keen exhilarating freshness.

It's in clubs, hotels and restaurants—you'll like it even better in your home.

Bottled only at  
**THE WHITE ROCK SPRING**  
Waukesha, Wisconsin



## FREE—10-Day Tube

Mail the Coupon



## Your Smile

can be given dazzling white teeth, and pretty gums quickly, this new way

**S**TUDY attractive people, men or women. Note the tremendous part gleaming, clear teeth play. Off-color teeth are an injustice to one's smile. Don't permit them to mar yours.

And don't believe your teeth are naturally dull and colorless. You can disprove that in a few days. Can work a transformation in your mouth. Millions are doing it today.

### New methods remove the film and Firm the Gums

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film, a viscous coat that covers them. That film is an enemy to your teeth—and your gums. You must remove it.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations and gives teeth that cloudy, "off-color" look.

Now, in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent, dental science has discovered effective combatants. Their action is to curdle the film and remove it, then to firm the gums.

Now what you see when that film is removed—the whiteness of your teeth—will amaze you. A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt.

Mail the coupon for free ten-day tube.

**FREE** **Pepsodent**

Mail this for 10-Day Tube to The New-Day Quality Dentifrice Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
Dept. 314, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

Only one tube to a family 2202

## On Radiant Blinding Joy

SO much of life there's nothing to do but sit around and be;  
And I get so tired of other folks and  
I get so tired of me.  
And then, perhaps, upon a day, in  
ecstasy I'm thrown—  
For I think a little worth-while thought  
that's every bit my own!

Carolyn Wells.

## The Younger Married Set

(Continued from page 24)

of strength, "this awful Arlen person? these trivial modern writers? Our field, I think, should be with the development of literature, with the causes which have produced our moderns. To look into these, we must go back, we must be more scholarly..."

"Hear, hear," boomed Mrs. Libby. Mrs. Libby has a voice that puts anything across when she really gets her lungs into it. So now the Ladies' Literary devotes itself to perfectly tremendous topics. At the beginning of a season the ladies allot themselves something horrific like "An Analysis of Greek and Roman Philosophy, with Its Possible Application to Modern Life." The topics for individual study call for theses of not less than twenty thousand words! The last time I spoke with poor Miss Flamm she was in a state bordering on nervous breakdown.

"I've got to have my paper ready for the meeting next Thursday," she wailed. "It's on Mediaeval Literature on the Continent, from the third to the eleventh centuries, and I haven't had time to do a thing on it."

"Don't worry," I consoled, for I like Miss Flamm. "I'll bring you out a book on the subject. Just copy out what you want."

Since the meeting I've been hearing about nothing but the "absolutely brilliant paper" that Miss Flamm read! It was a knockout. It ought to have been, being by the most brilliant authority on the subject there is, Mr. Herman Liggett of Harvard. But that didn't appear in Miss Flamm's paper nor in the report of it which she wrote for the *Bulletin* and in which she was careful to give herself and the Ladies' Literary no less than justice.

It might appear that our literary group had taken all the fun out of the game by making it so deadly serious, but, bless you, no, they have wonderful times, putting things over on each other, and every once in a while something exciting breaks loose like the Farwell-Onderdonck "affair," a real bit of intrigue which has had the whole town by the ears. It first blew up right at one of the Ladies' Literary meetings, but the thing is so elaborate and exciting that I shall have to give it a description of its own.

## THEY put sand on railroad tracks to stop trains.



Why slow-up your drives with sand from the tee box?

For clean hands and clean drives, hit your ball from



Just stick it in the turf and s-h-o-o!

Ask for Reddy Tees by name. Play the yellow or the red. Both winners, both "Reddy." One Piece, and white birch from tip to cup.

**25¢ FOR A BOX OF 18**  
The Nieblo Manufacturing Co., Inc.  
38 East 23rd Street, New York

## Simplified History

**T**EACHER: And so one night they went and dumped all the tea overboard into Boston Harbor.

ADVERTISING MAN'S BRIGHT BOY: I suppose the consumer demand wasn't strong enough to overcome the sales resistance.

## Fairy Tale

**O**NCE upon a time there was a chorus girl who was not hungry after the show.

# STOPS


## TRAIN SICKNESS

Mothersill's prevents exhaustion, nausea, dizziness and faintness of Train Travel. Journey by Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air in Health and Comfort. 33

75c. & \$1.50 at Drug Stores or direct  
The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.  
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**MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY**

25 Years In Use



## AN ANNOUNCEMENT of exceptional interest to Lumber Buyers throughout the east

IN PORTSMOUTH, Rhode Island, on June 7th, the second of the three great Weyerhaeuser Lumber Distributing Plants on the Atlantic Seaboard will be opened for service.

The first of these Weyerhaeuser Lumber Distributing Plants was opened in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1921. The third is now under construction in the Port of Newark, New Jersey, only 7 miles as the crow flies from the New York City Hall.

### Serving 30,000,000 People

If you are living anywhere in New England, New York, Pennsylvania or New Jersey, you are a member of the most concentrated community in America; 30,000,000 men, women and children.

You can imagine the lumber requirements of so many human beings—and their greatest lumber supply today is in the Pacific Northwest.

The two states of Washington and Oregon contain 50 per cent of the total forest reserves of the United States. A sure resource of the finest kind of lumber for many generations.

But—between the forests and you lies the whole breadth of the United States—3,000 miles!

Three weeks, four weeks, by rail—a long costly haul.

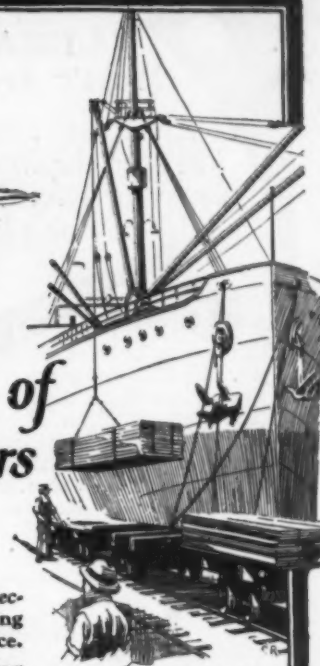
### The Meaning of Weyerhaeuser Plants in the East

Baltimore and Portsmouth today (and Newark in the near future) are stocked to the full with fine, wanted varieties of lumber.

Back and forth through the Panama Canal go the Weyerhaeuser ships—moving the best forest products of the Pacific Coast right to the very door of the Eastern markets.

A dream—a service unthought of even five years ago.

A supply of lumber continuous for many years—with more and more mills being built to see that the people who depend upon us today shall have good reason to do so tomorrow.



To the 30,000,000 People of the Atlantic Coast by Weyerhaeuser Ships via Panama Canal.

The three Weyerhaeuser Lumber Distributing Plants will comprise—

- A half mile of deep water frontage.
- 4500 feet of dock.
- More than a half mile of loading platform.
- Ten miles of railroad trackage.

- 9500 feet of storage sheds holding 125,000,000 feet of Weyerhaeuser lumber, ready for immediate delivery.

- 25,000,000 feet of timbers. 3 re-manufacturing plants.

- Cheaper water transportation.

- Lumber for almost every purpose shipped in 24 to 48 hours.

- Quick delivery to dealers all over this section.

- Dealer's turnover speeded up.

- He is never "out."


- His investment is reduced. Economy in piling room.

- Emergency stocks for railroads and big industries.

- All around an achievement in better service at lower cost, of intimate personal value to everybody.

- Supplied by fleet of Weyerhaeuser-owned and Weyerhaeuser-operated ships carrying cargoes of Weyerhaeuser lumber via the Panama Canal to Baltimore, Portsmouth, and (soon) to Newark.

- Economical water transportation instead of costly rail haulage.



From the Vast Forests of the Pacific Northwest

Douglas Fir  
Pacific Coast Hemlock  
Western Red Cedar  
Sitka Spruce

Mammoth timber, capable of producing any size, grade, or quality of lumber that may be wanted.

Structural lumber, shingles, siding, or factory lumber.

Weyerhaeuser Mills at Snoqualmie Falls, Washington.

Three Weyerhaeuser Mills on Tidewater at Everett, Washington.

Three new mills being constructed at Longview, Washington.

Nine complete manufacturing units in Idaho.

Three complete manufacturing units in Minnesota.



## WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS SAINT PAUL • MINNESOTA

Producers for industry of pattern and flask lumber, factory grades for remanufacturing, lumber for boxing and crating, structural timbers for industrial building. And each of these items in the species and type of wood best suited for the purpose.

Also producers of Idaho Red Cedar poles for telephone and electric transmission lines.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 806 Plymouth Bldg., Minneapolis; 208 S. La Salle St., Chicago; 285 Madison Ave., New York; 812 Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and Portsmouth, Rhode Island; and with representatives throughout the country.





ME-QW-000

## A RIFLE LEGAL IN CITIES!

### Don't Arouse the Neighbors

When that tom-cat serenades you at 2 A. M. just open the window, point your Crosman—and even your next door neighbor won't know what ended Tom's nine lives. Disappeared as silently as the hen that flew the fence and invaded your garden. A noiseless .22 rifle—invented by a West Pointer. New principle—no powder. Unsurpassed accuracy.

**For all small game**  
Just the thing for home pests. Ideal for indoor practice, picnics, outing trips, etc. Powderless, smokeless. Never needs cleaning. Saving on ammunition soon pays for gun. Knocks down to fit 22 inch suit case. Women are wild about its noiseless qualities. U. S. Army men endorse it. Sutton used it in Africa.

**Free Booklet**—Many novel features. Your whole family will enjoy a Crosman. Write today. Give us dealer's name and address. Dealers—tune in.

**CROSMAN RIFLE**

**CROSMAN ARMS COMPANY**  
423-429 ST. PAUL ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

## Questions and Answers on the Travel Contest

**ANY** one who desires to compete in the Travel Contest (see page 12), and is not quite sure of the conditions, should write to the Travel Contest Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City. We shall be glad to answer any questions concerning the conditions of this Contest.

**Q.** Paragraph 1 of the conditions says "on the detection of these mistakes the contest is based." Paragraph 2 says "send in the set of letters with your correction of each error plainly marked." Paragraph 3 says "the first prize will be awarded to the contestant who indicates the greatest number of errors." Please make this a little clearer.

—R. H., Chicago.

**A.** Each error in Joan's letters must be corrected. For instance, if she says: "I saw Napoleon's birthplace in St. Cloud," you should mark that as an

error, and explain (in the margin, or on a separate sheet of paper), "Napoleon was not born in St. Cloud, but in Corsica." You don't need to be more explicit than that.

**Q.** If the winner can't use a trip to Europe, will he receive the equivalent in cash?—R. W., New York.

**A.** No. He may present the trip to Europe to any one he may choose, or—if he happens to be Sinclair Lewis—he may refuse the prize altogether. In that case the trip to Europe will be awarded to the winner of the second prize.

## This Way Out

**T**EN little criminals, in their cells so fine;

One demanded a parole—and then there were nine.

Nine little criminals, unworried by their fate;

Sob writers were intrigued by one—and then there were eight.

Eight little criminals ("Say, bo, ain't this h-h-heaven?");

One recalled a friend at court—and then there were seven.

Seven little criminals, laughing at the "dicks";

One acted in the prison play—and then there were six.

Six little criminals—happy? Man alive!

One broadcast on the radio—and then there were five.

Five little criminals, near the Open Door;

One had to see his aunt—and then there were four.

Four little criminals, gay as gay could be;

One played the fiddle rather well—and then there were three.

Three little criminals (they knew just what to do);

One complained about his health—and then there were two.

Two little criminals ("My, ain't we got fun?");

One proved the guards were strict with him—and then there was one.

One little criminal, loafing in the sun;  
He wrote a Prisoner's Song!—and then there was none.

Douglas Turney.

for  
Those

who wish to obtain back numbers of LIFE, containing Joan's first six letters, the coupon to the right will prove useful.

Joan's first letter appeared in the May 6th issue; her second letter in the May 13th issue; her third letter in the May 20th issue; her fourth letter in the May 27th issue; her fifth letter in the June 3rd issue, and her sixth letter in the June 10th issue.

Enclose 15 cents with the coupon for each issue that you desire, or

One dollar will bring you ten issues and enable you to follow the Contest from start to finish. If you wish your ten-weeks' subscription to start with the May 6th issue, or any of the succeeding issues, you may designate this on the coupon.

## LIFE

598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

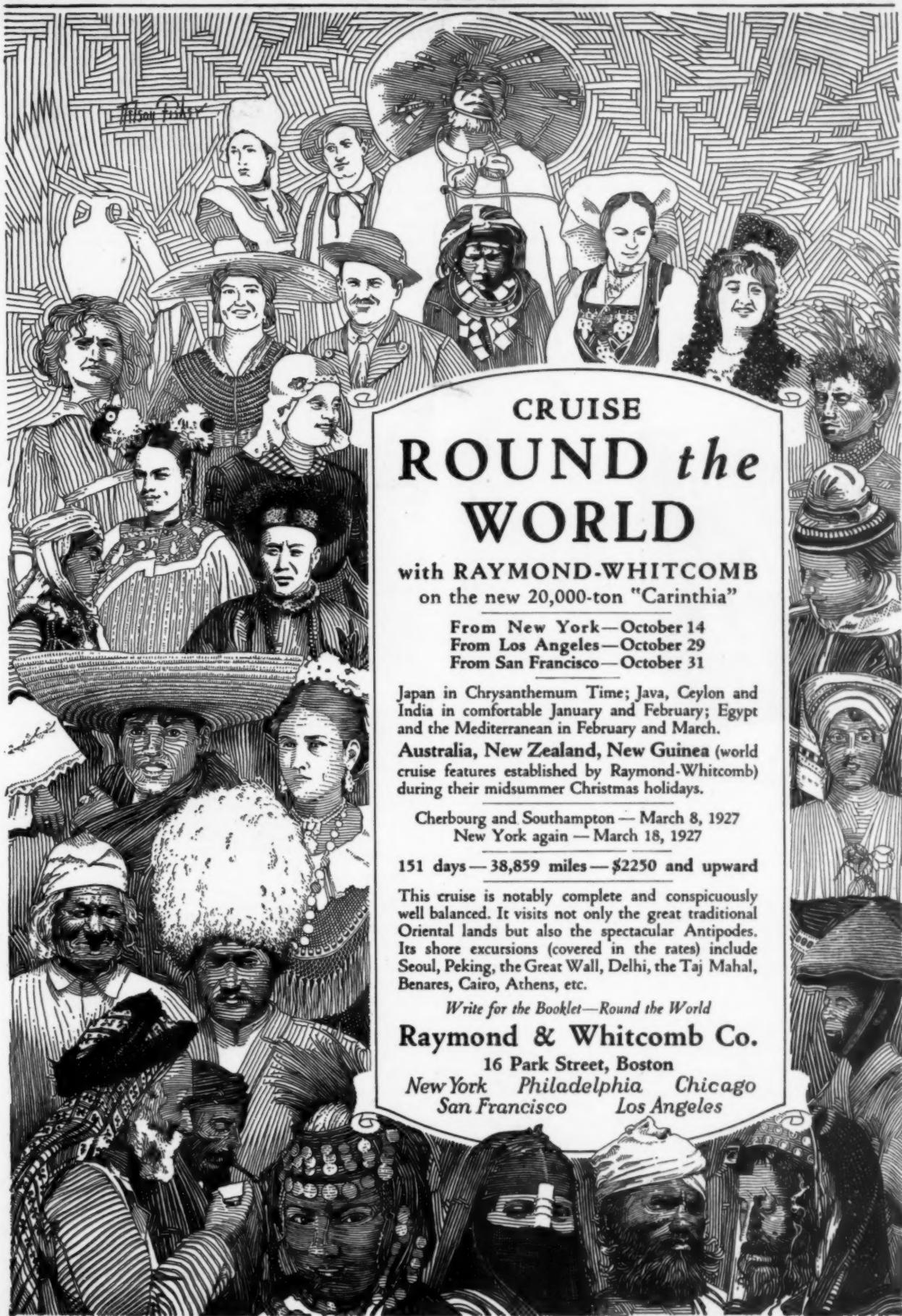
Enclosed find ..... cents for the following issues:

☐ May 6th ☐ May 13th ☐ May 20th ☐ May 27th ☐ June 3rd ☐ June 10th

OR

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian, \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.40) for ten weeks' subscription to LIFE, to begin with the ..... issue.





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with **RAYMOND-WHITCOMB**  
on the new 20,000-ton "Carinthia"

From New York—October 14

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Japan in Chrysanthemum Time; Java, Ceylon and India in comfortable January and February; Egypt and the Mediterranean in February and March.

Australia, New Zealand, New Guinea (world cruise features established by Raymond-Whitcomb) during their midsummer Christmas holidays.

Cherbourg and Southampton—March 8, 1927

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151 days—38,859 miles—\$2250 and upward

This cruise is notably complete and conspicuously well balanced. It visits not only the great traditional Oriental lands but also the spectacular Antipodes. Its shore excursions (covered in the rates) include Seoul, Peking, the Great Wall, Delhi, the Taj Mahal, Benares, Cairo, Athens, etc.

Write for the Booklet—Round the World

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16 Park Street, Boston

New York Philadelphia Chicago

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When the finest cost  
but a quarter for twenty—

"Why not  
Smoke the  
Finest?"



25¢ FOR TWENTY

TO BE HAD EVERYWHERE

### Broadway, Anyway

IN 1900 Broadway had but two theatres, two restaurants, three hotels, three drug stores, two pool-halls, and nine rooming houses.

To-day Broadway has two movie houses, two restaurants, three hotels, three drug stores, two pool-halls, and nine rooming houses.

No, Broadway doesn't change much out in Wheatina, Kansas.

*Creighton Peet.*

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, according to Prof. Reginald A. Daly, is in desperate need of "a real seismologist." Also, we might add while requisitions are being made, a real backfield.

### Avoid Imitations



Safe  
Milk  
and Food  
For INFANTS,  
Children, Invalids,  
Nursing Mothers, etc.

### Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 14)

editor. To luncheon with Mabel Loomis and Effie Goings at a publick, where we did make a fine meal on clams, scrod and chiffonade salad, and then Effie and I to take a candled cake to Marie Doro, it being her birthday, and we did drink sparkling Burgundy to the occasion out of the handsomest goblets that ever I saw in my life. Then home, finding my hairdresser in tears because she had mistaken the Georgian inkwell which Mistress White did give me for the silver bell like which it looks, and had flung ink all over her clothing and our carpet. So now I do pray that the exceptions proving David's rule about all men's being liars are the gentlemen who advertise eradicators.

May 26th A great box of roses this morning from Biff Haskins, and for no reason, which is the most delightful one of all for sending flowers, and when I was putting them in the antique vase which Alice de Zaldo did give me I did marvel that anything should still be sufficiently intact to hold flowers. Lord! it seemeth sometimes that we do never sit down to a meal during which there is not a crash in the kitchen to remind me of the early-acquired precept that a gentlewoman retains her composure in such circumstances, even to the extent of the fall of the ceiling, albeit it would be much more comforting in many instances to know definitely that nought but a piece of plaster had made the clatter, and not one of the best Spode cups. Off to search for a hat to wear to a wedding on Saturday next, and did find a most suitable one of fine black straw, and with a wide brim, too, thank God! So now with my new cr pe Roma coat, black chiffon frock and heaviest pearls I shall be doing myself exceedingly well, if I can avoid being mistaken by strangers for a saleswoman in a department store. Home at tea time, to find Sam there with a book wrote by Gerald Stanley Lee, the husband of Mistress Lee who did instruct me in the principles of criticism, and in which is set forth, I do hear, a method of exercising whilst sitting still, which I do mean to look thoroughly into, as it is the only method of exercise, outside of tennis or handball, which makes any appeal to me soever.

*Baird Leonard.*

### Kith and Kin

LAWYER: You have only six dollars? Then your relations must come across!

DEFENDANT: Not a chanst! They want to see me hung, so's they can divide th' six dollars!

BUSH TERMINAL PRINTING CORPORATION, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK



### FOR SALE The de Saint Cyr Estate "El Cerrito"

The show place of California in San Mateo's exclusive residential section. One hour from San Francisco. 29½ acres. Stately mansion. Japanese gardens, swimming pool, tennis courts, stables and garages. Furnished or unfurnished. Wonderful art collection of old masters and tapestries.

A. J. RICH & CO.

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FLATIRON BLDG.,  
SAN FRANCISCO

### How'd You Like to Witness This?

TWO pugilists are fighting—one has been winning all the way and finally he drops the other for a nine count. The latter crawls to his feet and stands with his hands hanging at his sides, all ready to be bowled over for the full count, and perhaps serious injury. The winning fighter turns to the referee and says: "Ain't you gonna stop it?" and for his decency is met with: "This crowd paid to see a knockout and they're entitled to it. Give him the works. Let's see a knockout."

The pug obliges by swinging on the referee and knocks him kicking into a far corner of the ring.

*E. T. Conroy.*

A COLLEGE student's life work is what he adheres to until he gets a job.



**\$158-\$225 Month RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS**  
Boys, 18 up. Travel—See your country! Steady work. Common education sufficient. Write IMMEDIATELY for free list of U. S. Government positions now obtainable. Do it to-day sure.  
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. W173, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

### "The Sunshine Belt to the Orient"



Chinese Garden, Hangkew

**\$11.37 per day**

### Round the World

PALATIAL President Liners, sailing every Saturday from San Francisco (every fortnight from Boston and New York). Commodious, outside rooms. World-famous cuisine. Service praised by the most experienced travelers.

Round the World at a fare that is about what you spend at home. Includes meals, accommodations and travel. 110 glorious days. 22 ports in 14 countries. Optional stopovers. Get complete details today.

### Dollar Steamship Line

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## Women welcome it with open arms!

America's liveliest and most astonishing car . . . The easiest to steer, and start, and park and handle . . . A car whose super-efficiency excels anything that ever was built of its size or type or class! . . .

An ideal car for the exacting woman-driver, no new creation ever presented to the motoring public of this country has so quickly and completely captured the national imagination as the new "70" Willys-Knight Six!

In the Knight type sleeve-valve engine of the new "70" Willys-Knight Six, the principle of high-speed engine construction has been utilized with results that are absolutely astounding. . . .

With 2 $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch bore and a 4 $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch stroke, the power-plant of this car de-

livers greater power per cubic inch of piston displacement, throughout its entire range, than any stock American motor-car engine built today! . . .

The steering facility of this new car will amaze you. Eight Timken roller bearings cradle the steering mechanism with the utmost absence of friction, affording an ease of control that a child may master without apparent effort.

Don't fail to investigate this new leader among smart Sixes at your earliest opportunity . . . The new Willys Finance Plan means a smaller down payment, smaller monthly payments; and the lowest credit-cost in the industry.

Touring \$1295, Sedan \$1495, f. o. b. Factory. We reserve the right to change prices and specifications without notice.

Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio  
Willys-Overland Sales Co. Ltd., Toronto, Canada

# The NEW "70" WILLYS-KNIGHT "6"

Now - in the Great WILLYS-OVERLAND LINE - a Car for Every Purse



· LIFE ·



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## THE GLASS OF FASHION

Coca-Cola's pure and wholesome refreshment is enjoyed by more people, of more ages, at more places, than any other drink.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS — 7 MILLION A DAY